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# HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

JULY 1979 \$2.95

*Happy  
Birthday*

**OUR 5TH  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE**



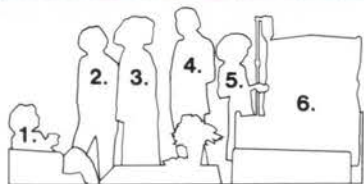
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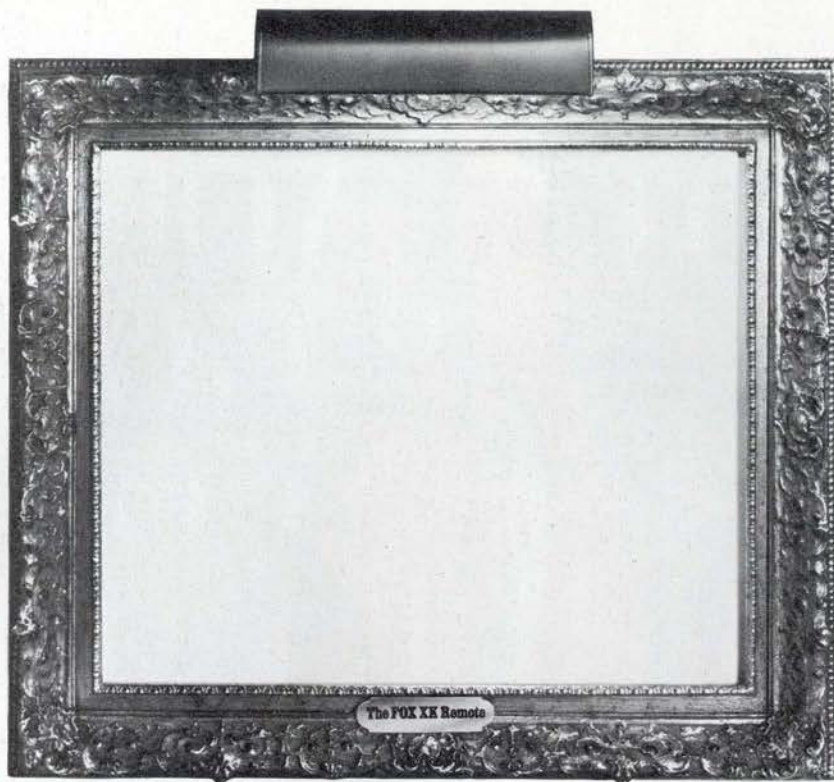
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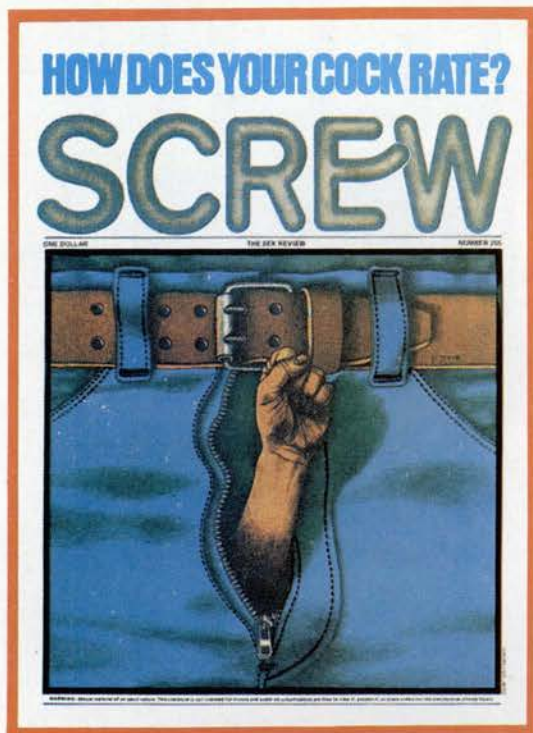
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**JULY 1979 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 1**





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## PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



# Fifth Birthday!

**D**espite repeated attempts to muzzle us, HUSTLER is five years old this month! We enter our sixth year of publication more determined than ever to maintain the struggle for your First Amendment rights, and to proclaim those rights loud and clear in every state of the Union.

There's no question in my mind that we have the most creative and professional staff of any magazine in the country, and each one of them has helped to make HUSTLER the success it is. I'm proud of them. But I'm even prouder of the contribution made by you, our readers.

Without your constant loyalty and support we'd have gotten nowhere fast. And without your letters and suggestions we'd be just another men's magazine instead of the internationally known maverick we've become. Thank you all—sincerely.

First Amendment rights have been uppermost on my mind lately. As we go to press for this issue I have just returned from Atlanta, Georgia, where I was convicted on 11 counts of obscenity. I was fined \$27,500 and given a suspended sentence of 11 years—one year for each count. My crime? Selling HUSTLER.


The trial was a frustrating experience. Judge Nick Lambros refused to let the six jurors see any comparable evidence—those sexually explicit books and magazines that are available both in adult-book stores and on regular newsstands in Atlanta. We were trying to prove that, in terms of community standards prevail-

ing in Fulton County, HUSTLER is no more explicit than some of our competition. But the judge wouldn't let the jury see those books, and not one member of the panel was a HUSTLER reader.

Yet, in a way, I'm glad I was convicted. There's too much apathy in this country regarding our First Amendment rights. Most of us are too concerned with caring for our families and making that paycheck last until the end of the week to worry about freedom of expression. But the fact remains that our hard-won Constitutional freedoms are being constantly eroded.

I'd like to see obscenity prosecutions taking place in every community across the land. Until that happens in your *own* hometown—until your rights to the reading material of your choice are directly threatened by some asshole local prosecutor with his eye on future political office—it's going to be hard for you to comprehend just what is going on in America.

*The fact is that freedom of choice can no longer be taken for granted.* Maybe it will take a few more similar convictions to wake this country up to what's going on. For my part I pledge to continue publishing HUSTLER Magazine and to fight repression wherever I find it.

  
Publisher &  
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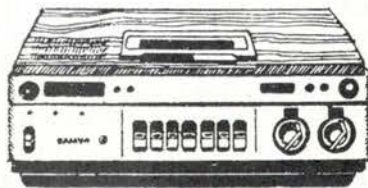
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— Bill Van Maurer, Miami News

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**I**t's our Fifth Anniversary, and we're in the mood for a celebration. The bluenoses have tried *everything* to put us out of business, but we're bigger and stronger than ever, and we're ready to get down!

We have only one regret as we start our sixth year, and that's that we've had to postpone the special interview with Larry Flynt originally scheduled for this issue. At press time Larry was being prosecuted on "obscenity" charges in Atlanta, Georgia. While they called it a trial, to us it looked more like an inquisition. The pressures of the ordeal did not allow for completion of the interview, so look for it in an upcoming issue.

One thing that probably separates **HUSTLER** from the other men's magazines is a working motto we have here: "Nothing we've done before will ever be good enough again." Yet it doesn't hurt to take a look back and see where we've been. Our scrapbook is open to public scrutiny this month in a specially prepared feature, **GREAT MOMENTS OF HUSTLER, 1974-79**. In pulling out just a few of the highlights of our controversial past we even managed to shock ourselves. One glance and anyone can see why some jerk-offs are trying to shut us up. Not only are we the most erotic magazine on the newsstands, but we're the only satire-and-humor publication with the guts to be honest and the balls to be tasteless.

Of course, those people who want to silence us probably wouldn't mind doing a selective edit of a document that's been under attack for a number of years: The United States Constitution. After all, the Constitution is what gives us the right to publish **HUSTLER** and gives you the right to read it. We know firsthand that the First Amendment is seriously threatened, but many people aren't aware of the frontal assault being waged against the entire Bill of Rights. We asked **BENSON A. WOLMAN** of the American Civil Liberties Union of Ohio to analyze the predicament and summarize what's being done to stave off the attack. Wolman unearthed a modern-day group of superheroes, **DEFENDERS OF OUR FREEDOMS**. Armed with legal briefs and a sense of fair play, these groups champion human rights in this country in the name of truth, justice and the *real* American way.

There's another type of attack that occurs daily in too many homes in this country. It often involves broken promises—along with jaws, noses and arms—and is often fatal. **WIFE ABUSE: TILL**

**DEATH DO US PART** is a report on the tragic, near-epidemic phenomenon that is often called the silent crime. **LAIRD SUTTON, Ph.D.**, reveals that law-enforcement agencies in most communities simply ignore domestic violence and are often deaf to women's pleas until it's too late. He explores the reasons why men beat their wives, and the often-murderous spiral in which many couples find themselves caught. Sutton, associated with the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, offers an expert opinion we should all heed before more wives and husbands are victimized.

If you're lucky enough to catch a performance by **DOUG KERSHAW: THE RAGIN' CAJUN**, you'd swear that Kershaw doesn't play music, he attacks it. This high-energy fiddler and singer is better-known as The Louisiana Man, which is also the title of one of his biggest hits. The song, a tribute to his father, reflects Kershaw's pride in his bayou roots. As Contributing Editor **STUART GOLDMAN** reports in his profile of Kershaw, Doug has gone through a lot of changes, but is still as dynamic as ever.

This month's fiction, **BETWEEN SEASONS**, deals with a couple who find themselves victims of circumstance. Penned by **HUSTLER** discovery **ED GERDES**, this moving tale of an aging ex-con and his devoted wife is Ed's finest piece of writing to date. His insight into the travails of an ex-con is no accident—he's an inmate at the Iowa State Penitentiary. This is his third fiction contribution to **HUSTLER**, and we're proud to have him as a member of our family.

On the lighter side it's always been our belief that people take many things in life far too seriously—like work, money and death. Sure, they're serious matters—but when approached with style and flair even the gravest of undertakings is worth a laugh, if executed properly. **WHAT A WAY TO GO!**, by Englishman **WILLIAM M. BRYSON**, chronicles the swan songs of a number of people who left this life with a bang, not a whimper. **ERROL MCCARTHY** makes his **HUSTLER** debut with the accompanying caricatures.

We hope you enjoy this special birthday issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together. By the way, in case you're wondering who *we* are, some of us are pictured below. We would have liked to put in the picture everyone who helped make **HUSTLER** the success it is today, but we just didn't have room for 10 million people.

Now get into your birthday suits, and get it on! 🍻



Photo by Robert Reiff



***"Hi. I'm Chrissy. When I appeared in HUSTLER, my shoes were bright red, my socks were white... and my pussy was shocking pink."***



Getting the color right is part of what HUSTLER is all about—especially the shocking pink. We grab it, align it, define it, sharpen it and lock your eyeballs on the right track. HUSTLER's quality is fine-tuned. We are the trendsetter of the '70s: *the sex magazine to watch in the '80s.*

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# FEEDBACK

**Georgia's on Our Minds:** My wife and I enjoy HUSTLER very much. We feel most strongly that you have an absolute right to publish whatever you feel the people of this country want to read. Regarding the recent conviction of Larry Flynt in Atlanta: Would a petition signed by all your reputable readers be of any assistance? We know you have millions of loyal readers out there; we're sure that all you would have to do is ask them. My wife and I would do anything to help, and we mean it.

—Russ and Rachael Hager  
Jensen Beach, Florida

I was very sorry to hear about Larry Flynt's conviction in Atlanta. I think that HUSTLER is the best magazine on the market, and I read it from cover to cover. I've got this to say about those dipshits in Atlanta, and all others around the country like them: They can suck my dick. If they don't like your magazine—fine. But don't fuck with my freedoms! I want to read exactly what I please, and that's why I read HUSTLER. Why don't those numbnuts in Atlanta try reading the Constitution of the United States?

—Gary McFadden  
Kemah, Texas

I read HUSTLER regularly, and while I don't like everything I see in the magazine, I respect the right of others to enjoy things that I don't. And I'm delighted to see that some people in this country still believe in the U.S. Constitution. That's what our democracy is supposed to be based on. I wish you all the best of luck in your endeavor to make the First Amendment a reality.

—Richard E. Newton  
San Jose, California

**Brigitte Buff:** I loved the photos of Brigitte: *Continental Dish* in April's HUSTLER! She looks a lot like my favorite new star, Cheryl Ladd. But I've got one criticism. Why did you run such a short spread on such a rare beauty? I'd hoped your pictorial would be at least twice as long. Please run another feature sometime soon with this "Continental Dish." Your readers deserve it. Put Brigitte on America's dinner table again real soon, and this time give us all seven courses!

—T. Spumer  
Rockville, Maryland

**Disco Dykes & Cheerleaders:** Your April centerfold (*Saturday Afternoon Fever*) was ridiculous. A man and a woman would have been fine, but a lesbian centerfold plus eight other pages of photos was too much. Why don't you do more heterosexual pictorials like *Sleeping Beauty*, which appeared in the same issue?

—Darrell McNamee  
Columbus, Ohio

The April issue of HUSTLER was the greatest! I especially enjoyed the *Saturday Afternoon Fever* centerspread. Those girls



wearing ballet slippers are going to cause me to buy two copies—the first one is almost worn out already!

I'd also like to see cheerleaders in ballet shoes. And how about a bareback rider, a baby-sitter, a circus girl on a rope or a nude gymnast on a balance beam? Only HUSTLER could do it right!

—Name Withheld by Request  
Stockton, California

In April's *Feedback* a reader from Connecticut suggested that you run a photo-set on cheerleaders and their outfits—saddle shoes, white socks, etc. I think it's a great idea, and it would be a real turn-on for me. I'll be looking for it soon.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Syracuse, New York

*Keep looking; we'll get to it.*

**Right On, Reverend Ted!** I'm an 18-year-old college freshman, and I just finished reading the interview with the Reverend Ted McIlvenna in the April HUSTLER. I'd like to comment on his view of masturbation with a quotation from Robert Heinlein's book *Time Enough for Love* (Berkley Publishing Company, 1974, page 248): "Masturbation is cheap, clean, convenient and free of all possible wrongdoing—and you don't have to go home in the cold. But it's lonely."

—Name Withheld by Request  
Humboldt State College  
Arcata, California

I just finished reading your interview with the Reverend Ted McIlvenna (April). It was great! The things he said are so true. I was a member of a fundamentalist Baptist church for 20 years, and their rules and regulations nearly destroyed me and my marriage.

I believe that inhibited wives cause their husbands to frequent prostitutes as well as causing infidelity and sexual abuse of children. I know, because I used to be one. These women may rate high as housewives and mothers, but they fail as lovers to their husbands. When I finally decided to give myself totally to my husband and began to enjoy oral and anal sex, my man really changed. And we started to communicate much better on a nonsexual level as well.

Thank you for all your enlightening articles. I'd like to see more pictures of guys putting their fingers way up in their girls' pussies and eating them out.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

I found your interview with Ted McIlvenna (April) very interesting. It seems to me that if we are going to share heaven together, we ought to make some real efforts to get to know each other down here first—and that includes knowing each other intimately. Of course, feeling and touching are only part of knowing a person, just as sex is a partial



—Don Ruddle  
Las Cruces, New Mexico

—Ellen Baker  
Albertville, Alabama

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

Brian Edwards. He has about as much sense as my pet rock. As a white man, I found that he made me feel ashamed to be white. When will people like him realize that bigotry and the Klan are dying? I suggest that Mr. Edwards, and all who share his views, do the rest of us a big favor and leave America.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Dunlap, Tennessee

My husband and I read HUSTLER every month from cover to cover. Keep helping us to stay informed. —V. Kyleene Barton

My husband is the one in our family who buys HUSTLER. It's not really my bag. But I believe that Larry Flynt deserves the same freedom of speech that every American enjoys. That means that though I might not like a particular magazine, I would fight to the death to preserve everyone's right to the freedoms that make our country great.

I was "inspired" to write this by the March *Feedback* letter from Mary Carr, the

KKK's Grand Genie of Missouri. I'd like to say this to her: White power your ass! Jesus was neither *white* nor *Christian*! —D. K. Louisville, Kentucky

**Grizzly Appreciation:** I'm a black 32-year-old female, and I'm writing to say how much I enjoy your magazine. The first HUSTLER I read was the October 1978 "Larry's Back!" issue. It was my first introduction to Larry Flynt, and I'm so glad that he's still telling readers like it is. Like Larry said on a television interview with Mike Douglas, "If you're going to be a bear, be a grizzly!" —Lillie Bee

Ansonia, Connecticut

I've been a dedicated fan of HUSTLER for about three years now, and I feel that the staff deserves a lot of credit for both their journalistic skills and their guts. I wish Larry Flynt all the luck in the world in his legal problems. There are some terrible crimes that take place in the U.S., but HUSTLER isn't one of them. I've put my feelings about HUSTLER in a kind of poem. Thanks for—

**Highest-quality articles of any magazine  
on the market;**

Unending talent in the staff of  
professionals you hire;

Sights of beautiful people sharing beautiful experiences;

**Time for your readers to express their views:**

**Living for the rights of all Americans:**

Everlasting humor on human behavior;

**Respect for all no matter what intellectual level they may be.**

—Mark R. Powers  
Bristol, Pennsylvania

Frankly, I think much of your magazine sucks, particularly the jokes and the nude photo-spreads. However, being gay, perhaps I'm not capable of appreciating such heterosexual bunk. Nevertheless, I have to admit that your articles and satires are well-researched, well-written and genuinely stimulating. The political satires are especially good: Richard Nixon as Asshole of the Month (March) was the best commentary on him I've read in years!

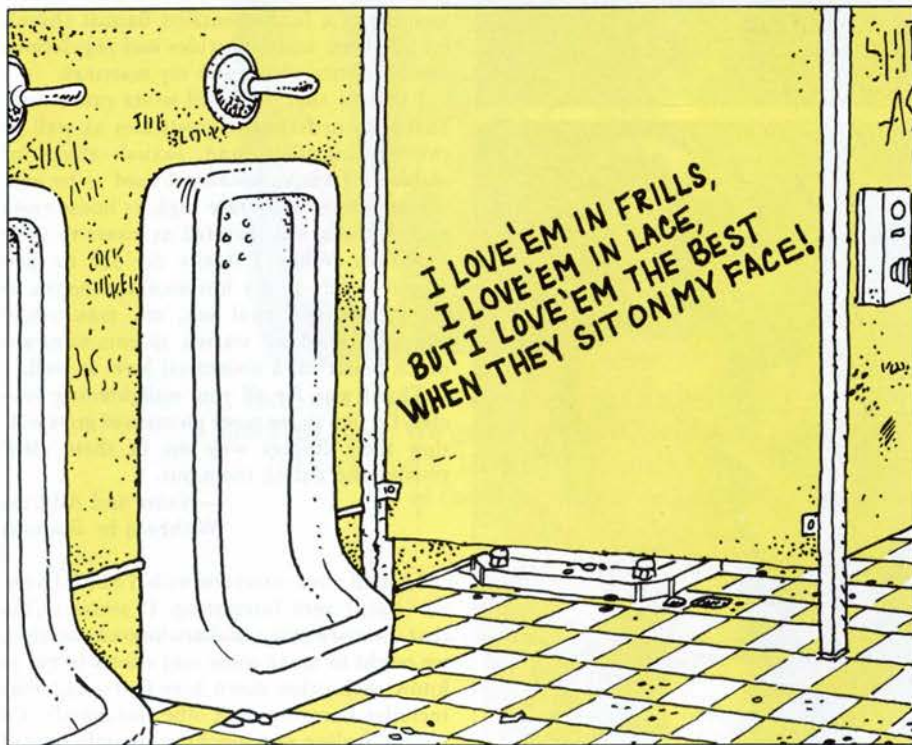
In addition, I especially enjoyed Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* "Express Yourself" (March), which concerned the need for Americans to think independent thoughts and speak their minds, thus avoiding the mental mediocrity that is so typical of this country today. Larry could not have given any better advice to his readers.

All in all, I guess about 50 percent of your magazine really appeals to me. That means you get me for about six issues a year!

—Russell Devereux  
New Orleans, Louisiana

**Birth Record:** Someone in my church gave me a copy of February's issue of *HUSTLER*, the one containing your *Publisher's Statement* speaking out against TV evangelists. In this

(continued on page 22)



THANX AND \$25 TO D.W., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



# **World News Roundup**

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067


"Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may be a song title, but it's also the philosophy of Harry Zain. The 24-year-old West Virginia man has asked the state legislature to lower the age at which girls can marry from 16 to 12. Zain admits he has an 11-year-old girl in mind as a possible wife (as soon as she reaches the age of 12). "A girl is more trusting," he told a legislative committee. "She has more faith in her husband." He also assured the lawmakers: "My thoughts are pure."

Here's some bad news for sexually active people: Three little-known venereal diseases are becoming major public-health threats. The Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta, says many people don't realize that the three ailments are transmitted through sexual relations and that many persons with one of the diseases fail to take tetracycline, an antibiotic widely used to treat VD. The three are: non-gonococcal urethritis, herpes and trichomoniasis.

Also on the medical front, retarded children would be used as guinea pigs for an untried hepatitis vaccine under a proposal by a New York University School of Medicine physician. Dr. Saul Krugman says many retarded youngsters contract hepatitis anyway. But the Institute for the Study of Medical Ethics has attacked his proposal. A spokesman for the institute compares the plan with the "same type of justification used by the Nazi doctors in defending their torturous and deadly 'medical experiments' on Jews and other concentration-camp victims."

Do middle-of-the-roads have more fun? A German medical journal reports that political extremists have trouble achieving orgasm. The magazine says a study of the sex lives of students indicates that extreme right-wing and left-wing believers have trouble attaining orgasm and have sadistic or masochistic sex fantasies. Subjects with moderate views or no political beliefs at all tend to have much more satisfying sex lives, the journal says.

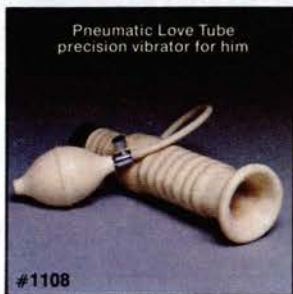
Julie Phillips may be neither a man nor a woman, but she's got more cash in her purse than she used to. The 38-year-old San Francisco transsexual settled a lawsuit against a doctor who, she claims, screwed up her sex-change operation. An out-of-court settlement was reached while the suit against Dr. John Brown was in trial. The amount of the settlement wasn't released, but a lawyer said it was far below the \$7 million Miss Phillips sought in her suit. During the trial she testified: "I don't belong in the straight world or the gay world. I feel I am a freak because I can't have sex." Dr. Brown had his medical license revoked in 1977 and now practices in Mexico.

Drano does more than unplug clogged-up sinks. A Canadian doctor says the sex of unborn children can be determined by mixing Drano with a pregnant woman's morning urine. Dr. Sidney Nelko says the child will be a girl if the Drano turns the urine brown or golden; the baby will be a boy, he says, if the solution turns green. The doctor warns that Drano is a powerful poison and should be handled with caution. 



# Gifts of Love...

LEASURE TIME presents the newest repertoire in erotic adventure, introducing the fantastic **ORGASMO** collection, the latest and most technically advanced ideas in sensual pleasure, combined with our outstanding family of quality-crafted therapeutic aids. The **ORGASMO** vibrating dildoes are beautifully molded of extra soft, skin-like clinical latex in unbelievable life-like detail to look and feel real. Your satisfaction guaranteed.



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☐ #1102 Pneumatic Senora(s) @ \$19.95.  
☐ #1103 Pneumatic Senora(s) Plain @ \$14.95.  
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☐ #0521 FREE with \$25 or more order. Jungle Love  
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#0520 **Jungle Love**. This one's on us, free of charge, with any order of \$25 or more that you send in, or you can purchase Jungle Love at the regular price. We suggest you begin an evening with 2 or 3 capsules and you probably won't need to light a fire to keep warm on any winter night. You might even want to try some to warm up a frigid friend. #1759 **Latex Double Dong 12" & #0030 18"**, 12" of incredibly life-like flexible but solid rubber latex to share with a friend. The double dong has a shaping rod embedded to reach that exact bend or curve you need, and it's beautifully detailed to look and feel like the real thing. Also available in 18" without the shaping rod. #1101 **Plain** & #1100 **Electro Senora Orgasmo**. Sensual pleasure and adventure personified molded over 8 1/2" of foam-filled, heat sensitized and the most technically advanced extra soft, skin-like latex. The detail is life like right down to tight-rounded balls at the base with stimulating clitoral studs and grooves for extra excitement. The **Electro** is also a vibrator, complete with variable speed controls. #1102 **Pneumatic Senora Orgasmo Deluxe** and #1103 **Regular**. Finally, a dildo that fits perfectly because you're in complete control of the size and stiffness you want and need. It's fully pneumatic to fill with air to the "right" size, or you can deflate it, roll it up and carry it in your pocket. The detail is supreme over extra soft, skin-like clinical latex with clitoral stimuli at the base for added pleasure. The **Deluxe** model is a vibrator too, complete with remote power pack and variable speed controls. #1104 **Foreskinned Senora Orgasmo**. An amazing pleasure breakthrough with the most life-like, silky smooth moveable foreskin. This one and only uncircumcised dildo provides the same "gasp" sensation as the real thing and comes complete with variable speed controls on a remote power pack for fast and slow vibrations over its entire 8 1/2" length. #1106 **Magic Massager**. The ultimate stimulator unlike anything on today's market. Fully electric to plug into any outlet, this therapeutically designed vibrator has a 2-speed control to give you up to 5,000 to 6,000 penetrating vibrations per minute. It's a sleek 12" long with a flexible vibrating head fully protected by washable sponge and vinyl that will give the deepest possible relaxing penetration. #1108 **Pneumatic Love Tube**. A precision vibrator for him made of the very softest clinical rubber that clings on the inside and fits around the penis. It's complete with variable speed controls and a hand pump that gets you up, keeps you hard and allows your love tube to expand or become tight as you like it.

The battery-powered vibrator is the most popular therapeutic aid ever, and for many good reasons. It's vibrations are gentle, yet sensually penetrating. And it has stimulated millions to cultivate their orgasmic potential by awakening the many sexual erogenous zones which have been either ignored or left sleeping. Whatever your pleasure size, we have it with varying pulsations encased in clinically-tested plastic that's washable and easy to clean. Batteries included. #0242 **Deluxe 7" Vibrator**. Man-sized, yet personal. It features a sleek tapered design for the quietest, deepest penetration possible. #0232 **Elite 10" Vibrator**. The "Rolls Royce of vibrators," which produces the most incredibly powerful vibrations possible for effective, unbelievable sensations to every inch of your body. #0250 **Mini Vibrator**. Four marvelous inches to vibrate, penetrate and caress every single orifice and the perfect companion to complete your vibrator collection. #0244 **Chrome Supreme Vibrator**. 7 1/2" of vibrating class with a special chrome-plated tip that slides over wetness to bring you uncontrollable ecstasy and excitement. Complete with variable speeds, this one is distinctive looking and feels even better.

EXPRESS CHARGE CARD ORDERING (VISA or MC ONLY; \$15.00 minimum, please).  
 24 hour toll free service. Order now by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, 1-800-282-9216).



# Bits & Pieces

**H**USTLER has named some incredibly puckered sphincters as Assholes of the Month over the past five years. Our rectal rogues' gallery has run the gamut from a deceased Asshole—Dead Fred Enke—to our own beloved publisher, Larry Flynt. To celebrate our Fifth Anniversary HUSTLER is proud to recap our six all-time, all-star Assholes of the Month. Now, it hasn't been an easy job for our editorial staff to come up with the six best (or worst, depending on how you look at it) Assholes. Over the years we have profiled assholes of the foulest stripe in this column, and selecting a half-dozen of them posed quite a chore for us. However, our asshole-picking committee has come up with the following as HUSTLER's biggest Assholes of the Month:

## William J. Morrissey

This Asshole—a common pleas court judge in Hamilton County, Ohio—was named “our all-time supreme Asshole of the Month” in May 1977, a title he richly deserved. To quote our column of that month, “Morrissey is the bag of mush the Hamilton County prosecutor occasionally dipped into for aid while railroading Larry Flynt off to jail for publishing HUSTLER. Judges who live in fear of prosecutors are certainly a blemish on the system of justice. But judges such as Wet Willie Morrissey, who act as maid-servants to prosecutors, are creeping cancers that have dishonored the entire legal profession.”

## Anita Bryant

The dubious honor of being the stellar female Asshole of

the Month goes to this has-been entertainer and orange-juice-monger, who led a successful battle to eliminate the rights of homosexuals in Dade County, Florida. As our July 1977 column stated: “Recently, this leather-faced sow has been actively seeking support for her stand against homosexual rights. According to Anita, gays don't have any.”

## Woody Hayes

This flaming asshole went too far last time he freaked out, slugging a player on a football team that was in the process of beating Woody's Ohio State Buckeyes. In October 1977 we wrote: “You can often get some idea of where a man's head is at by the people he adores. In addition to worshipping Richard M. Nixon, Woody

includes Napoleon and Generals George Patton and William Tecumseh Sherman among his favorite heroes. It's interesting that people who fear sex usually love war.”

## Billy Carter

Just about everybody except his brother Jimmy now agrees with our August 1978 selection of peanut-brained Billy Carter as Asshole of the Month. The specific reason we named him Asshole (and we could have found dozens of other reasons) was that a few weeks before Larry Flynt was shot and almost killed in Carter's home state of Georgia, this schmuck suggested on national television that he had a “man looking out for [Flynt]. When he sees him, the first thing he's going to do is

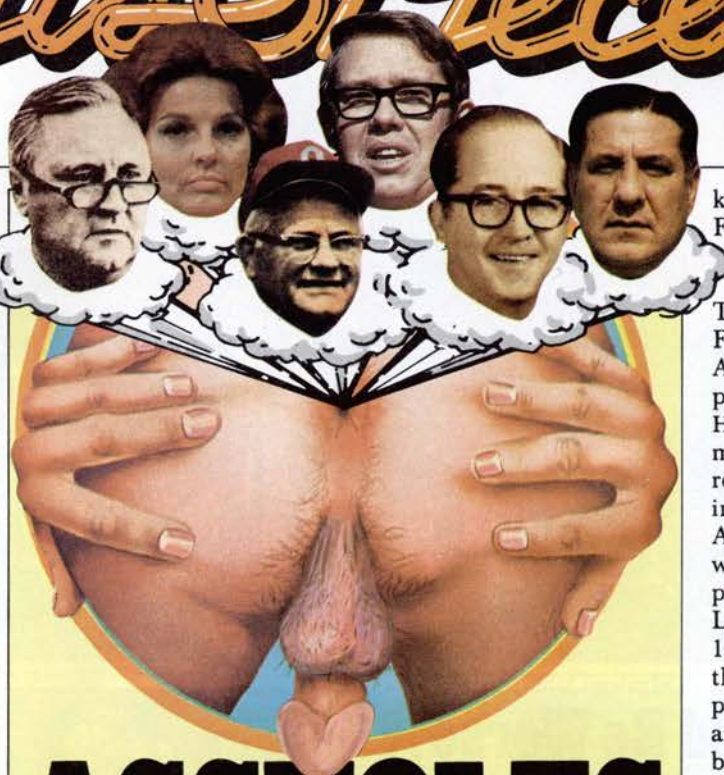
knock the hell out of Larry Flynt.”

## Hinson McAuliffe

The solicitor general for Fulton County, Georgia, this Asshole has headed a repressive campaign against HUSTLER and other men's magazines in the Atlanta region. Not only has he interfered with the rights of Atlantans to read what they want, but he has launched a personal vendetta against Larry Flynt. In December 1978 we wrote: “It's time to throw the weight of the people at hemorrhoidal Hinson and get him out of office and back into the law library where he belongs, taking a bonehead course on the First Amendment.”

## Frank Rizzo

And now for the HUSTLER editorial staff's favorite Asshole of the Month. A throw-back to Nazi Germany, the mayor of Philadelphia was named Asshole in our August 1976 issue for handling “his official duties with all the dignity and restraint of a baboon jacking off in front of little old ladies at the zoo.” When that issue hit the newsstands in the City of Brotherly Love, readers were surprised to find a page missing—the page on which Mayor Rizzo was named Asshole of the Month. What had happened was that Boss Rizzo, true to form, had had his henchmen see to it that the page was cut out of 40,000 HUSTLERs distributed in the city. After Larry Flynt offered to send free copies of the purloined page, HUSTLER received an astounding 100,000 requests for the copy. Frank Rizzo, you may just be the biggest asshole of all.



# ASSHOLES IN REVIEW



## Larry Flynt Sets New World Record



Larry Flynt thrilled sports fans in Los Angeles this spring with a record-breaking jump over 18 wheelchairs, getting his name in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for the second time. (His first listing is related to the length of his cock.) Larry challenged Evel Knievel to enter the competition, but Knievel declined, saying "Anybody who'd try that stunt would have to be crazy."



## Things Could Be Worse...



... This Man  
Could Be Your Brother.



## Doin' the Hokey - Pokey

In the old days teaching your lady to dance was a good excuse to get close to her for at least some simulated belly-rubbing. However, bluenoses at the time frowned on the practice of dancing, considering the intimacy to be too shockingly profane to meet moral standards. This couple obviously ignored such repressive bullshit, and despite their compromising position we can tell they are basically good people. Notice how they wear slippers to keep from getting their socks dirty?

## Long Dong

None of the *HUSTLER* editors wanted to let their wives or girlfriends take a gander at this massive pecker... but the boss insisted. Over 14 inches long, it belongs to Steve York, who'll be featured in a pictorial in *CHIC Magazine's* August issue. Steve is also the main attraction in *For Women Only*, on sale at newsstands (if you're lucky, ladies). *For Women Only*, the first explicit-sex magazine devoted exclusively to the interests of sexually liberated women, is also available from 6969 N.W. 69th St., Miami, Florida 33166. A sample copy is just \$3.50.





# Miscarriage of Justice

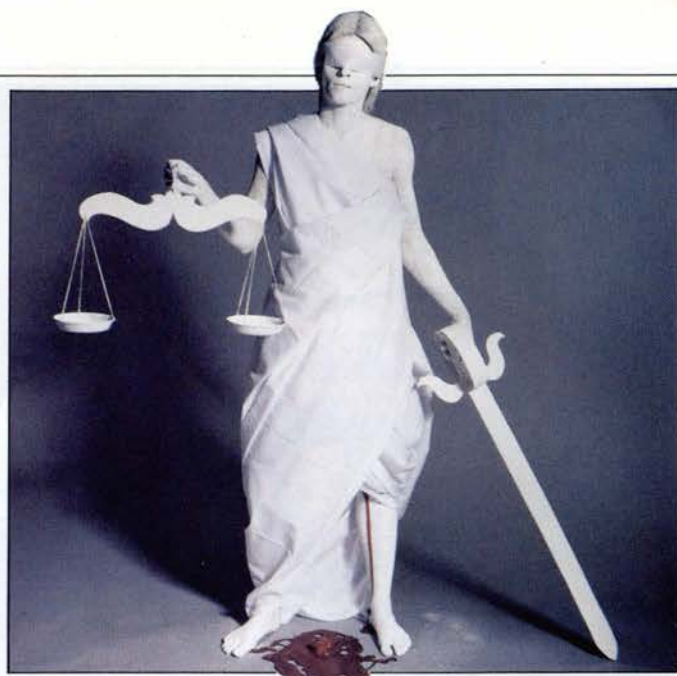
Hot off the press! Just as this issue of HUSTLER was being shipped to the printers, our publisher, Larry Flynt, was convicted on all 11 counts in his obscenity trial in Atlanta, Georgia.

A jury of four women and two men bought the arguments of the underlings of Fulton County Solicitor General Hinson McAuliffe that *your* favorite magazine is illegal under the Peach State's antipornography laws. The jurors had little opportunity to choose other-

wise: Judge Nick Lambros, in a scandalous mockery of the American judicial system, refused to allow most of Flynt's defense witnesses to give testimony before the jury.

Bruce David, HUSTLER's former editorial director, was in the courtroom to cover the Atlanta trial for us. His penetrating look at "justice" in a Georgia kangaroo court will be featured in next month's HUSTLER.

Don't miss it!



## Ready, Willing and Aibel

By now HUSTLER readers have grown accustomed to this man's face, as well as to other parts of his anatomy. He's none other than Jerry Aibel, the only person in America making a living selling photos of himself to *Bits & Pieces*. We profiled Jerry in this section some time back (January 1978), and now we'd like to provide an update.

As you'll recall, Jerry's mad flings before the camera were intended to impress porn producers so he could land a film role. All that's changed now, as Jerry has decided to enter the world of legitimate filmmaking.

He's been knocking on doors, but with little success. NBC-TV's *Tomorrow* show rejected his offer to appear. "It bugs me that I can't get on the show because of the nature of my work," Jerry says. "I don't like censorship of any kind."

Jerry says his association with HUSTLER has been tremendous for him, not only because of the exposure but also because his being accepted by us has encouraged him onward. For

example, he took on the Timex test at a local porn theater, strapping the timepiece to the part of his body that would get the most use there. On another occasion Jerry took a stroll down Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk. And most recently he shocked shoppers by making a grand union with his photographer/wife, Michaela.

As always, we wish Jerry continued success. He says he's 37, and he can't be patient, so he's just hoping "lightning will strike." And lightning could strike for you as well if you follow Jerry's lead and send in lots of wacko stuff for *Bits & Pieces*. It makes for a nice income too.





## Well, Excu-u-u-se Me.



## Giving Face

Igal Dar is an Israeli erotic artist who goes up against the wall and wails, "No one here understands or is interested" in erotic art. We think we know why.

## Hot Seat

The electrocution of criminals has come a long way since the electric chair was first used on ax-murderer William Francis Kemmler at New York's Auburn Prison in 1890. But fuel-shortage scares have brought about some drastic changes. Prison officials, known for having the intelligence of rocks, are now experimenting with this new form of "hot seat." We have learned that doomed prisoners on Death Row are getting plenty burned up over the new chair.



## Ads We'd Like to See #8



## FOR IMPORTANT ASSHOLES!

"I suffered from painful hemorrhoids until I discovered the fast, soothing relief of executive-strength Presidential® Ointment. Now all the painful assholes in Washington use it." —Jimmy Carter, former peanut farmer.



**EXECUTIVE STRENGTH**



# What America Needs...



...Is a Good Shot of Sex.



## Mess Duty

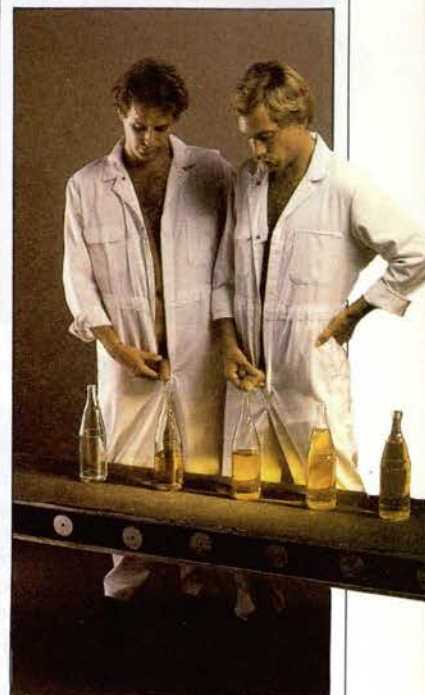
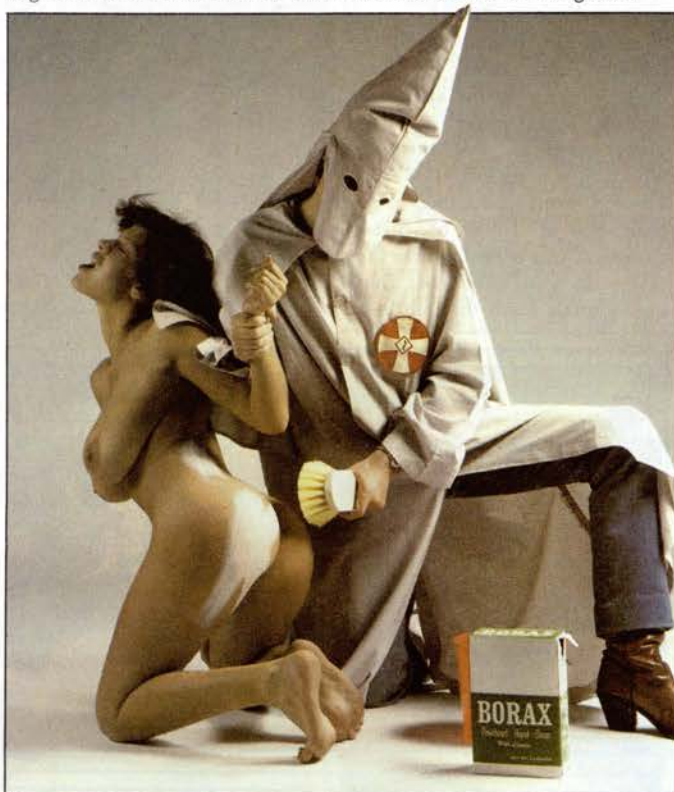
With war brewing in the Middle East (Egypt, not Pennsylvania), the Armed Forces are stepping up field training for recruits. Even though John Wayne never took a shit while winning hundreds of battles for America, regular soldiers are likely to want to empty their bowels, especially when the shit hits the fan.

Soldiers on the go are cared for by the modern Army, which provides these handy camouflage trooper-poopers. There's just one problem: Although enemy snipers aren't likely to spot this GI's shit, they could very well be shooting his moon.

## White and Bright

Enlightened members of the Ku Klux Klan have stopped burning crosses on front lawns and

have decided to improve race relations instead. Since they're committed to hating blacks, this new breed of Klansman has started to erase the differences between the races with scrub brush, cleanser and some good old-fashioned elbow grease.



## The Drink With Pissazz

You've probably seen that old piece of graffiti reading "You don't buy beer, you rent it." Well, it's true.

## No Cover-up

Singers Cher and Judy Collins have decided to make their latest albums feasts for the eyes as well as the ears. Cher's album, *Take Me Home*, is a mix of disco and ballads, while folksinger Collins, in her album *Hard Time for Lovers*, aims at a wider, more pop-conscious audience than she usually does. Miss Collins says she wanted the album to have a full-frontal nude shot of her 40-year-old (but still-sexy) body, but the higher-ups in the recording business turned thumbs down.







## Checkered Past

About a year and a half ago some citizens, tired of being fucked over by criminal politicians, started The Committee to Boycott Nixon's Memoirs, and their efforts have gone downhill ever since. The group contends that Nixon is profiting from his scandalous behavior, the very same that got him backed into a corner by his fellow rats in Washington. The committee doesn't think the head scumbag of Republicanism should make any more millions from U.S. citizens than he's already stolen.

Of course, the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, two papers that were on Nixon's ass like hens on hot rocks, would agree with The Committee to Boycott Nixon's Memoirs, right? Wrong. They refused to run ads by the committee. NBC even refused to allow committee representative Thomas Flanagan to wear a DON'T BUY BOOKS BY CROOKS T-shirt on the *Tomorrow* show.

You don't have to put up with the *Times*, *Post* or NBC. And you especially don't have to put up with Nixon. If you want the world to know where you stand, you can order a CROOKS T-shirt, in sizes Small through Extra Large, for \$5 apiece (plus 50¢ postage) from P.O. Box 323H, Falls Church, Virginia 22046.

## Quiet on the Set

You'll want to hear the latest about model, photographer and all-round swell gal Suze Randall. She's the one with the camera and the hard nipples, and if you haven't guessed, she's started making films. Her first feature takes over where this month's campfire frolic, *Chrissie*, leaves off. Yes, that's Chrissie with her long, cool friend, Eveready. And after you see the film, you'll know why forest rangers carry flashlights as big as that. Watch future HUSTLERs for information on how to order the film.

Suze wants to know what you readers think about her budding film career, and she'd like you to suggest ideas for future video ventures. For instance, which of our recent HUSTLER Honeys would you like to see turn on in front of Suze's camera? And what favorite fantasies do you have that Suze could bring forth on celluloid?



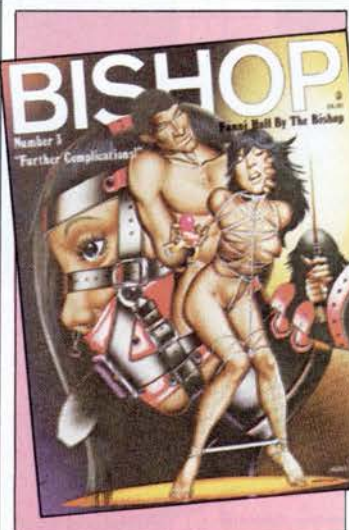
Maybe you'd like to see her in action. Write Suze and let her know, in care of HUSTLER (2029 Century Park East, Suite

3800, Los Angeles, California 90067). In the meantime, we'll be at the studio, lining up for a turn on Suze's casting couch.



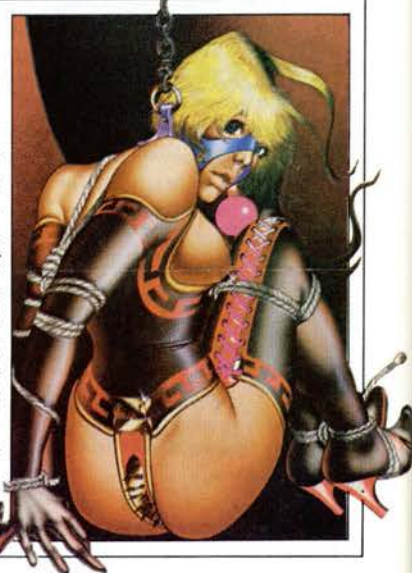
## Barrier Reef

Ever wonder where French ticklers come from? Frenchman Jocks Cousteau has released this photo of an underwater condom garden the men of the *Calypso* recently discovered on the floor of the Caribbean Sea. The devices will soon be available in adult-book stores and aquarium shops.



## Art of Bondage

Bob Bishop, acclaimed as the indisputable master of bondage & discipline art, recently released *Bishop Number 3* (\$6 plus \$1 postage from House of Milan Corporation, P.O. Box 24080, Los Angeles, California 90024). This is the third in a series about Fanni Hall, as she battles the brutal S&M bitch, "The Madame." A story accompanies the full-color covers and centerfold, as well as a number of black-and-white illustrations.







The end of a perfect fishing trip... These guys are recognizable only to their procologists, but they wanted their

"smiling faces" to appear in HUSTLER. They identified themselves (from left to right) as Vaughn, Fred, Ken, Dale,

Carl, Bob, Doug, Steve and Mike. Their message to us is: "We'd rather be on Moon River."

## Better Than a Grammy?



Bluesman and pornophile John Mayall was honored by Larry Flynt Publications at a recent Hollywood party celebrating the release of Mayall's new album, *The Bottom Line*. As you can see, Mayall was thrilled beyond words when he was presented the coveted Honorary Smut Midget award by CHIC Editorial Director Ben Pesta (left) and HUSTLER Executive Editor Lee Quarnstrom (right). The album, previewed in *Bits & Pieces* (December 1978), is on the Phonogram-DJM label. Mayall also authored our annual guide to men's magazines, which appeared in the January HUSTLER.

## Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Is this the Ginnish Book of World Records?"

## Hustler Update

**ABORTION: MERCY OR MURDER?**

Nov. 1978

The debate continues. At a Washington, D.C., conference on the abortion issue, delegates were shocked when women holding two fetuses disrupted the proceedings. The embryos were from abortions of women in their 22nd to 24th week of pregnancy. Some onlookers broke into tears as one of the intruders told the crowd, "For those of us who love the unborn and who do not know who the unborn child is, we have our dead sisters here with us today."



**JOHN BRIGGS**  
February

This memorable Asshole of the Month, honored for his cynical (and unsuccessful) attempt to get California voters to eliminate gay rights, is in trouble with the Internal Revenue Service. The IRS says it is investigating the California state senator's finances, including his campaign funds and private income since 1974.

**CAPTAIN CRUNCH**  
February

In *Raping Ma Bell* Zbigniew Kindela profiled Captain Crunch, a legendary phonephreak. Crunch, a thorn in the side of the telephone company because of his use of blue boxes and computers to avoid paying for long-distance calls, was sentenced to jail for violating probation on an earlier conviction for wire fraud. However, a judge in San Jose, California, granted Crunch (John Thomas Draper) leniency, and put him on a work-furlough program.



## Peckermate

Hey, girls, looking for a penis pal? Would you like to be named as a co-respondent in a divorce suit? Or would you simply like to tattoo your cervix? One HUSTLER reader, probably an accountant, has discovered how to overcome literary lust, but you'll have to keep him happy. He refuses to write when he's pissed.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For July, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Igal Dar and Steve Massee.



**One  
cancer  
you can  
give  
yourself.**



**Horrible  
isn't it?**



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

## FEEDBACK

(continued from page 12)

Statement Larry Flynt wrote: "The fact remains that I have been born again and that I do believe in God." The fact is, however, that Flynt was a perverted, lost, hell-bound sinner before his "born-again" experience, and he still is! He is still a filthy-minded child of the devil; this is evidenced by his continued publication of the pornographic pictures in his magazine, together with an exploitive and distorted portrayal of human sexuality. If he *has* been born again, it is by a definition that is completely foreign to the Bible and to Bible-revealed Christianity.

I hope one day that Flynt will be *truly* born again. Till then I ask him to quit being a hypocrite by naming as hypocrites those evangelists who are trying to get God's work done. I send a prayer with this letter that he will be truly saved.

—Pastor Paul C. Fedena  
Faith Baptist Church  
Fairless Hills, Pennsylvania

*The tone of your letter, pastor, makes it all too apparent that the good news of the Gospels has passed you by. Christ did not visit this planet to stop people from fucking. He preached love, not repression; he preached acceptance, not name-calling.*

**Ad Flap:** I was disturbed to see the public-service advertisement on the back cover of your April issue, which showed Lenny Bruce after he died of a drug overdose. You almost made it sound as if a lousy junkie like Bruce had *no choice*. The fact is that no one but his own stupid-ass self was to blame for his death. Please show some taste in your public-service advertisements.

—Barry McKellar  
Buffalo, New York

*While HUSTLER does not endorse anyone's hard-drug habit, the fact remains that Lenny Bruce was a victim of this society's repressive laws and attitudes regarding free expression long before he became a victim of narcotics abuse. More important, Lenny was a fighter for your rights, and it's as a fighter that we commemorate his name.*

As a long and devoted reader, I want to tell you how grateful I am for the anti-smoking public-service ads you published. When I saw that picture of a diseased lung, I quit smoking!

I've always considered HUSTLER to be truthful and out front in all respects. But there's one exception. I don't like your *Mail-Order Mania* advertising policy. There are too many ads pushing worthless "sex stimulants." Printing these ads hurts your credibility. —Name Withheld by Request  
Oakland, California

*HUSTLER is against censorship of any kind, for any reason. When you take a stand like that, you*

*run into certain problems. For instance, we often accept advertising we don't necessarily agree with, but which does not constitute fraud. Our advice to potential buyers is this: Read the whole ad, including the fine print. If you make a purchase and feel that you've been ripped off, bring the matter to the attention of our Mail-Order Feedback editor.*

**The Hard Truth:** The time has come when men must face the fact that cock-shots are a part of your magazine! I wish your readers would stop feeling so threatened by pictures of other guys' cocks. I'm not threatened by them; they give me a chance to compare my mojo with the competition without peeking over a urinal! However, the fewer center-folds you publish with men in the picture, the sooner I'll have my entire room decorated with HUSTLERS.

Some assholes refer to you as a sex mag. Nothing could be further from the truth. Your serious articles exposing the poisons in our society are second to none. Your cartoons are off the wall, but nobody can deny that they show a lot of creativity and guts.

Finally, for the sake of those prickheads who don't like to see blacks in HUSTLER, how about more sets of mixed couples? That should give those assholes something to stew over, and it would be a treat for your more enlightened readers.

I love your publication. Keep up the good work.

—Ken Robinson  
Chicago, Illinois

**Like Fine Wine:** Congratulations on the beautiful pictures and words regarding sex between a young stud and an older woman in *Male for Sale* (March). It meant a lot to me because while I have sex with my husband at times, I also have a regular lover in his 20s. I am over 60 myself, and I meet with my lover at least twice a month. I pay for the motel and the liquor, and I also pay the young man for his services. We spend most of our time engaged in oral sex, which I love both to give and receive. Then, before we leave, he always gives me a real hard screwing. The result is that I return home feeling much better and with all my frustrations taken care of. Even at my age I still love to feel a man's cock in my mouth and vagina.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Hit and Run:** In the November 1978 HUSTLER the *Feedback* section contained a photo of a bare-ass couple behind a red sports car. Was there a complete photo-lay-out of the same couple and automobile in a past issue of HUSTLER?

—Mark Jacobson  
Montreal, Canada

*Yes. The layout, called *Hit and Run*, appeared in our September 1978 issue. It featured porn-film actress Deseree Cousteau and an equally shapely Bugatti replicar. Back issues of HUSTLER can be ordered from P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067.*



*Advise & Consent* is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Vicki Scott

**Recurrent Cysts:** When I was three years old, I had an operation for a pilonidal cyst. Nevertheless, I got cysts when I was six, 11 and 16. I'm 23, and once again I have a cyst, and it's very painful. (The doctors assured me the cysts would never return again.) Already I've had three operations. Is there anything else that can be done? —K. J. South Elgin, Illinois

*A pilonidal cyst is one in which hair and pus accumulate; most often it forms on the cheeks of the ass or near the coccyx (tailbone). After surgical removal it only recurs in about one in ten patients.*

*When you have the cyst removed again, ask the surgeon if he can forgo suturing the wound in favor of packing it with gauze. This nonsuturing method requires a longer healing time (five or six weeks), but surgeons believe it produces fewer recurrences.*

**What About Me?** I am 19 and have been married for one year. My husband seems to enjoy sex, but I am displeased with it. He likes to be sucked, licked—the works—all the time, and I enjoy doing it, but when it comes time for him to lick me... forget it! He says he has a headache or it's too late. Those are valid excuses—but not all the time. I am so hard up I could do it with anybody. What should I do? —L. H. Hampton, Virginia

*You could threaten to go out hunting for a man who will please you. Or you could simply explain how desperate you are for the attention you need. Tell him he's not helping you achieve the total satisfaction you're sure that he, as a lover, is capable of giving.*

*Next time he wants to be licked (or whatever), let him know you want it too, and that it's your turn to be catered to first. If he pleads illness, tell him that in that case he's probably too sick to enjoy being nibbled on himself. If it's going to mean being deprived of his own pleasures, your husband will probably perk up.*

*Perhaps he's afraid he's not skilled at such oral manipulations, in which case you must pull his head into position and tell him exactly where and how you like it. Or perhaps he's been convinced by the sexual puritans that the special smell and taste of the vulva (which nature made sexually arousing in order to attract males) is unpleasant, or that the act itself is sinful. Once he tastes the slightly salty clit and feels it tremble and swell under his tongue and lips, he'll become*

*aroused enough that he'll put all such nonsense out of his mind, and the two of you will be able to enjoy a happy and healthy sex life.*

**Mortal Lock:** I'm writing this letter to win 50 bucks. A few weeks ago my friend and I got into an argument over oral sex. He says that a girl can get pregnant if she performs oral sex on a guy without using any form of birth control. I say that's ridiculous! Who's right? —H. R. Hebron, Nebraska

*You have your friend in a mortal lock—in gambling parlance that means a sure thing. The digestive system is completely separate from the reproductive system. There is no way that a woman who simply swallows semen will get pregnant. (It's got to get into her vagina to make pregnancy possible.)*

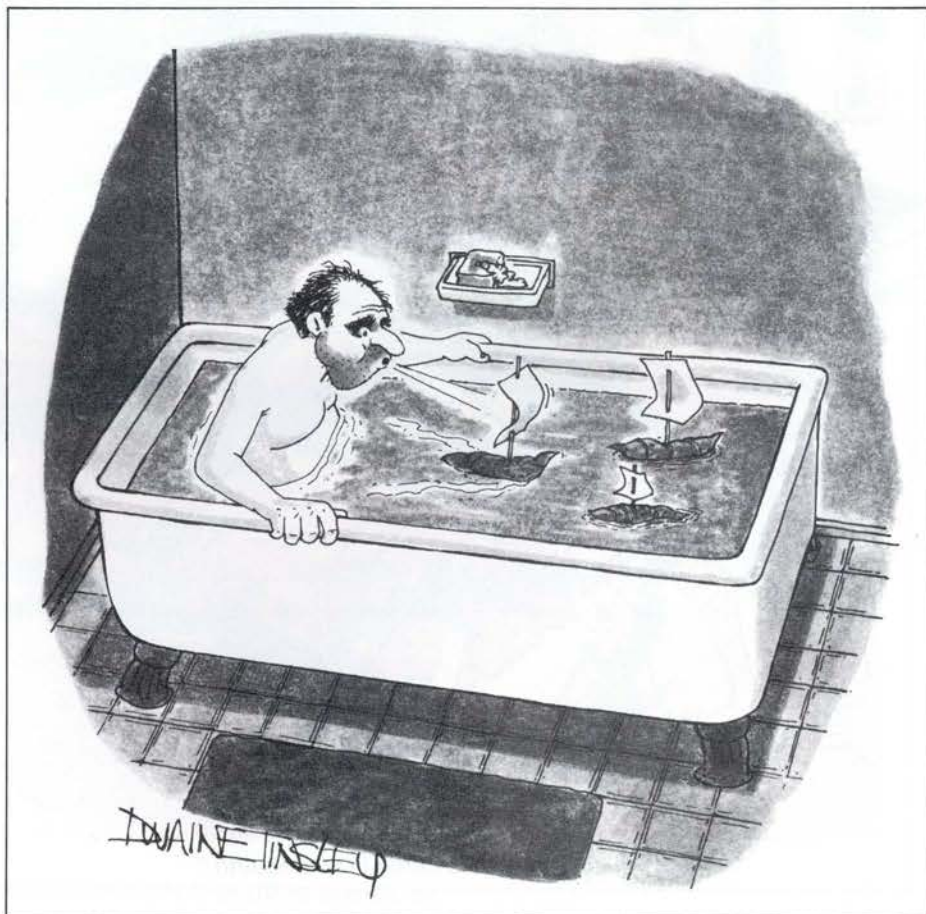
**Bound to Lose:** My man and I are on the verge of breaking up, and I blame it all on bondage. About six months ago we started experimenting with bondage, and although I was never really too hot on the idea, I wanted to please my guy. (I just don't see how a man can show any love for a woman by tying her up and gagging and whipping her.) But whenever I try to talk to him about this, we end up in a fight. It seems that when we go to bed now, he's disappointed if we don't get into bondage. I enjoy other sex games and devices, but not bondage. I really

want to please him and keep him in the bedroom. Any suggestions? —R. R. Dodge City, Kansas

*If you neither enjoy bondage nor get sexual satisfaction from it, then let him know you simply don't want it in your sex life and that you would be more than happy to try other games or, perhaps, forgo the gagging and whipping. Sex has got to be mutual. If not, you're just an echo of someone else's voice. As a completely separate, distinct human being fully responsible for your own self, you've got the right to your own feelings and opinions, likes and dislikes.*

*If your lover must have bondage in order to be completely satisfied, and no substitutions will do, then you must admit that the two of you are incompatible. You both have to recognize your own needs and find partners who can satisfy them. Otherwise you'll just keep on fighting, and eventually drive each other crazy or hurt each other terribly. Life is just too short for that.*

**Homophobia:** I am an 18-year-old male attending college in central Florida. In high school I used to hang around with football players and tough guys. But now it seems the tough guys are few and far between and that homosexuals are all over campus. My question is, how can I get rid of my hatred toward them? I think I should relax my attitudes toward them, but so many others feel the same way I do that maybe it's not so wrong to feel this way. And if I become





friends with any gays, what will my straight friends say?

—J. P. Palatka, Florida

*It is very wrong to hate entire segments of the world's population because of fear and ignorance. The "everybody hates them" syndrome has too often become a pretext for ostracizing or slaughtering folks who were viewed as different from the norm. Homophobes—people who have an unreasonable fear or hatred of homosexuals—are superstitious and ignorant. They view homosexuals as sick, weak, limp-wristed, child-seducers, Communists or even devil-worshippers. Gays in America, like the Jews in Nazi Germany, seem to have become scapegoats to whom people attribute every negative quality they've been fearful of seeing in themselves. Such scapegoats are the ones who are considered to be "inferior," "sick" or "sinful." And these images, which people are too horrified to recognize in their own personalities, become projected onto others.*

*To get over your hatred you've got to make an effort to understand what homosexuality is really about. It is so easy to hate or fear the unknown. First ask yourself whether you have ever felt deep affection for someone of the same sex. Chances are great that you have. If so, then you'll realize that homosexual affections are simply human emotions, not all that different from your own. Their sexual preferences may not be the same as yours, but gays hold the same human attachments heterosexuals do.*

*The next step is to read about the subject. Once the veil of mystery shrouding homosexuality is*

*removed, you'll be more confident about forming friendships. You can start with a simple, straightforward book entitled Straight Answers About Homosexuality for Straight Readers, by David Loois (Prentice-Hall). Then there's the recent thorough study from the Kinsey research group, Homosexualities, by Drs. Alan Bell and Martin Weinberg (Simon and Schuster).*

**Lint Lollipop:** I am a married woman who enjoys giving my husband blowjobs. But lately I have been standoffish. My husband is not circumcised, and whenever I lick his big lollipop I get lint from his underwear in my mouth. He tried to solve the problem by switching from cotton to nylon briefs, but it didn't work. He has stated that he definitely will not get circumcised now, at age 26. What else can we do?

—N. P.

Gary, Indiana

*Have him pull back his foreskin and give his cock a quick wipe with a damp washcloth while he's getting undressed. If that seems a bit unromantic, you can make it a part of your sex play by doing it for him—either with a washcloth or some saliva on your finger. Don't ask him to get circumcised just because of a little lint; after all, when he goes muff-diving on you, he's bound to get some of nature's lint (hair) between his teeth.*

**Can't Say No:** I am a 25-year-old woman who has experienced a lot in life, but I can't seem to understand why I attract so many men. I am far from beautiful, and nothing about me is perfect. Although I am usually

relaxed and open with people of both sexes, I don't think that I am overly suggestive with either my words or my body language. I do enjoy sex and think it's one of the finer things in life, but I don't approach men, they approach me—often. Should I be complaining, or am I just very lucky and don't even realize that fact?

—S. J.

Steubenville, Ohio

*You are one of those lucky women who naturally exude friendliness. Men obviously don't find your demeanor inhibiting or intimidating.*

*But because they approach you, it doesn't mean that you must automatically be so flattered that you'll fall into bed with each and every one of them. The sexually healthy modern woman will have enough confidence to be able to say "No, thank you" when it just doesn't feel right, even if it means going home alone once in a while.*

*You shouldn't have qualms about saying no when a fellow doesn't appeal to you. (You have to set your own standards though.) If you aren't discriminating, you'll eventually find yourself going from bed to bed.*

*It's the relationship based on trust and communication, as well as on good sex, that you'll find the most rewarding and fulfilling. You've got to decide which situations to stay away from, no matter how tempted you might be at the moment. Negative experiences may take a toll on your sexual health by building up a store of bad feelings about this or that sexual activity—which might eventually inhibit you and might be hard to erase. By all means, experiment and experience new things, but don't go wild like a kid in a candy store unless you really want to.*

**Sleeping on the Job:** I have trouble gaining an erection. I am taking a medication called Mellaril. Can that have anything to do with it?

—L. W.

Jacksonville, Florida

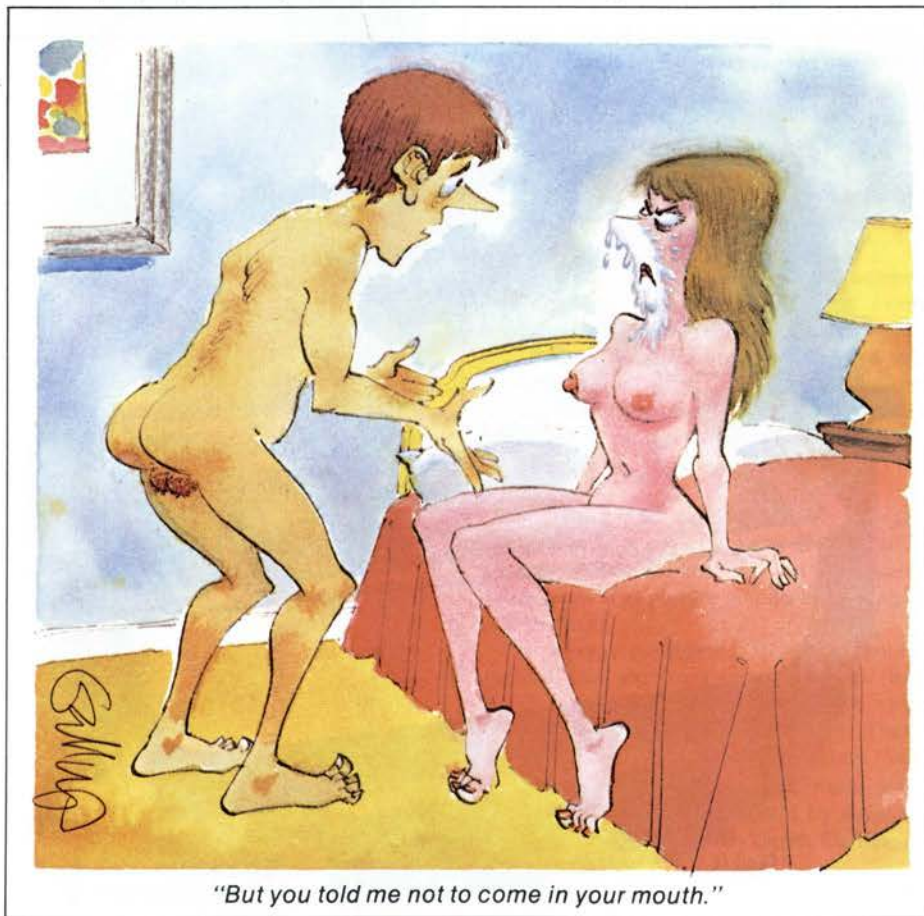
*Mellaril, the trade name for thioridazine, inhibits psychomotor functions (physical actions requiring mental stimulation). Thus, it would tend to interfere with sexual activity, and the manufacturers of thioridazine note that an inability to ejaculate is one relatively common side effect among men taking the drug.*

*A "major tranquilizer" (more potent than other tranquilizers), Mellaril is used to treat people bothered by tension, aggressiveness, anxiety or even abnormal drive and initiative. If you're already distressed, the additional worry about your sexuality is not likely to help your condition.*

*(The Food and Drug Administration cautions doctors to minimize the use of major tranquilizers because they have been shown to occasionally cause involuntary muscle action, jerking or jitters. After extended use such medications can cause tardive dyskinesia, a neurological disorder characterized by grotesque involuntary movements of the tongue, mouth, hands or feet. In addition, symptoms of the disease may not appear until long after a person stops taking the drug.)*

*Doctors have an ethical obligation to discuss the sexual side effects of drugs they prescribe to*

(continued on page 34)

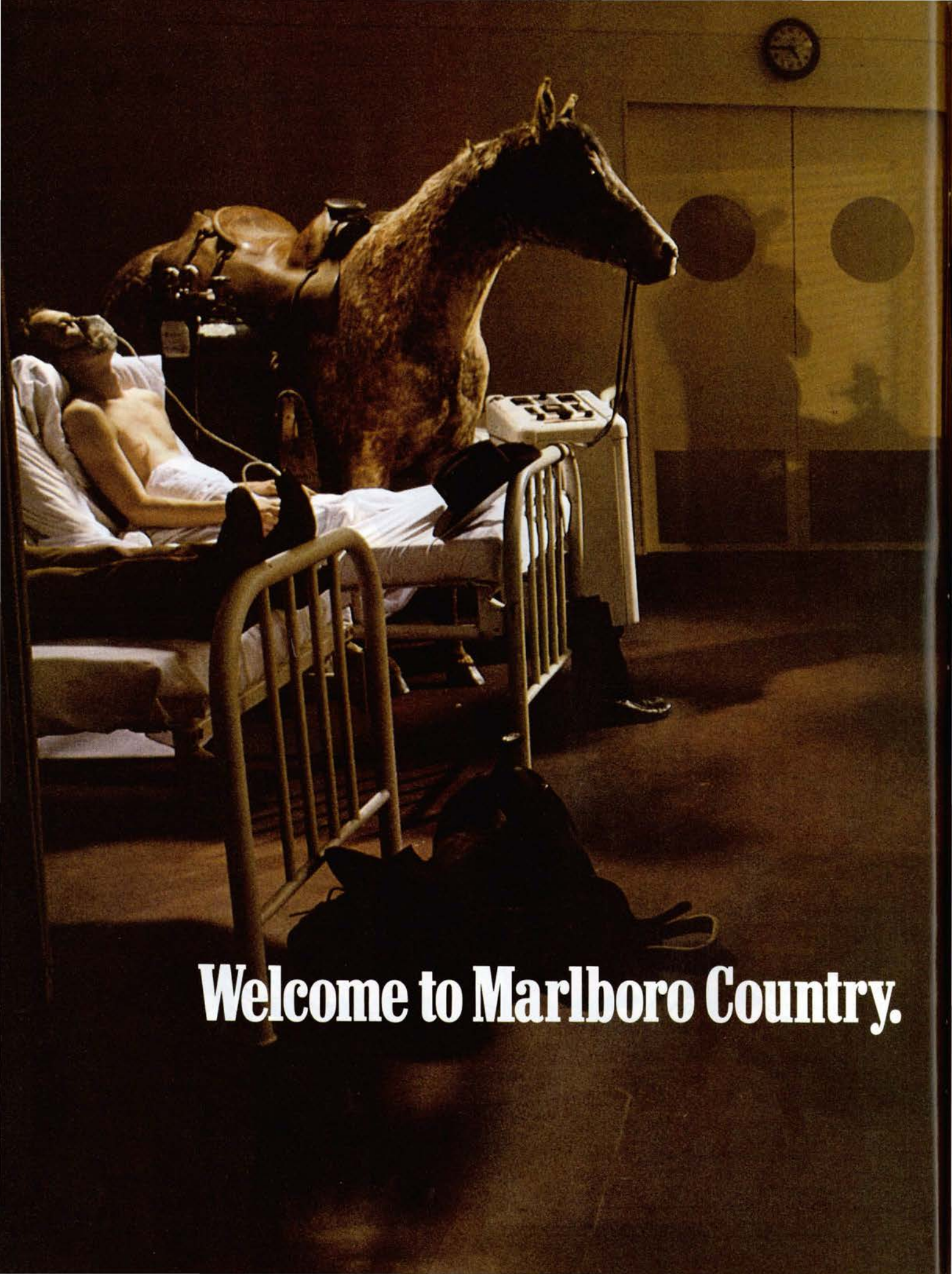


"But you told me not to come in your mouth."









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## EROTIC FILMS

by Frank Fortunato

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

### Easy

☛ If by some slim chance you've never seen a porn film in your life, and you're perusing these pages to pick the flick to break your X-rated cherry on, then look no further. *Easy* is the film for you; it's a little gem of erotic cinema that will perk up your libido like a shot of vitamin B-12. And if, like me, you're a red-eyed veteran of too many witless, plotless and sexually uninspired muff movies, *Easy* will refresh your soul and restore your faith in the American adult-film industry.

*Easy* is a relatively low-budget production from Cal Vista International, and was directed by Anthony Spinelli. He's the man who made *Sex World* last year—the highly touted big-budget extravaganza acclaimed by *HUSTLER* as the Best Erotic Film of 1978.

Yet for my money *Easy* is better. It's just as technically proficient—the cinematography, editing and music are handled with outstanding professionalism—but the realism of the characterization and story is markedly superior to that of its big-bucks science-fiction predecessor. Above all, the sexual realism of *Easy* is of an exceptionally high standard, and the result is the best adult movie you're likely to see all year.

*Easy* marks the cinematic debut of Jessie St. James, a striking new actress who may



Georgina Spelvin and newcomer Jessie St. James in 'Easy,' the best adult movie you're likely to see this year.

well be the most sensational find in porn since Linda Lovelace. She's a big-boned, small-breasted blonde—the very opposite of the plastic, *Playboy*-bunny kind of chick that porn producers love to exhibit. She looks warm and real on-screen—just the sort of girl you'd love to find living alone next door. And the combination of her sensuality and acting talent with Spinelli's direction is unbeatable. Whether she's having a casual conversation or shuddering in ecstasy in the throes of an unarguably genuine orgasm, she displays the power and control of a Porsche.

St. James plays Kate Harrison, a high-school teacher who can't say no to a senior stu-

dent's sexual demands. After she blows him in the classroom when school is out, he sends one of his nonstudent buddies to break into her house so he can get some too. The intruder (Dewey Alexander) persuades Kate to bury her tongue deep in his ass before he fucks her to a pulsating climax. She resigns her teaching position shortly afterward, leaves town and starts on an odyssey of sexual exploration that carries the film to its end.

The notion of a straitlaced schoolteacher who discovers that she's "easy" (hence the title) is admittedly a filmic cliché. But whether a revived cliché lives or dies is dependent on its execution, and Spinelli is

a craftsman who can wring droplets of emotion from the most dehydrated of porn formulas. *Easy's* cast is embellished with such talented erotic-film veterans as Desiree Clearbranch, Jack Wright and Georgina Spelvin. But it's Spinelli who directs them, and Spinelli who orchestrates virtuoso performances of timing and sensuality. There's no question in my mind that he's the most talented director in the business, and I look forward to his next production. —M. S.

*St. James may be porn's most sensational find since Linda Lovelace.*

*This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE



### ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



### THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



### HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



### ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



### TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.







Tina Wong and Vicki Lyon are the unmatched 'China Sisters' in a run-of-the-mill fuck fare.

## China Sisters

It's as plain as the nose on Al Goldstein's face that *China Sisters* represents a minimal investment of bucks and imagination for such trifling concerns as plot, script and locations. The handful of words that pass as dialogue are instantly forgettable, and the two or three rooms of the same house that serve as the constant environment for all of the scenes soon begin to look awkwardly familiar. In short, this production is run-of-the-mill fuck fare, and the night I saw it in Los Angeles the audience sat as silent and unmoved as the pope greeting a legation from Idi Amin.

The plot, such as it is, concerns the tape-recorded diary of Gloria (Vicki Lyon), one of a pair of unmatched "China sisters." Gloria is white, and her young sis Barbara (Tina Wong) is Oriental—hence the title! (*China Sisters*, I suppose, looks catchier on a marquee than *One Caucasian and Her Oriental Sibling*.) Gloria's memoir is a sexual history of the horny duo; every time the camera cuts to a close-up of her tape recorder another episode begins—a transitional device that soon becomes tedious.

The first episode to wake me from my stupor involved Gloria's seduction of virginal Barbara in a bathtub. "Do you remember me bathing you when you were little?" asks Gloria as her fingers walk through Barbara's trim bush. This is a sensual scene, with a

good facsimile of blushing nervousness on the part of Barbara as she submits to an incestuous soaping.

But while Ms. Wong's body is slim, smooth and topped by a pretty face, Ms. Lyon is a horse of a different color. The makeup department on this production failed to cover the two gruesome scars on each tit where silicone was apparently implanted, and her face was photographed in such a way as to accentuate its hard, angular lines—lines that contrast unflatteringly with her co-star's softness.

Later in the film Barbara has a temporary fling with a well-muscled young stud (Jack Wrangler) who proves to be both gay and impotent. Undaunted, the sisters deprogram him. While Barbara caresses him, Gloria humiliates him and fucks him furiously in the ass with a dildo. Predictably, the operation is a success, and he comes like an oil well. This is a slickly edited sequence full of violence mingled with tenderness. Wrangler has recently carved out a new career for himself on the hetero side of the fence, and as he's arguably the best-looking male actor currently working in porn, his presence should boost ticket sales to women and couples.

But the most realistically erotic scene stars porn's perennial best actor—John Leslie—in a one-shot episode as the middle-aged father of Barbara's fiancé. Convincingly made-up in gray wig and mustache, he visits Barbara to "counsel" her

on the young couple's fading relationship. He seduces her in order to show her what she can look forward to when his son becomes as mature and experienced as he is. The scene is improvised, and the result is tense, believable and a real turn-on. Despite Barbara's protests Daddy doesn't take no for an answer, and by the time he comes all over her face, she's loving it.

It's impossible to get enthusiastic over *China Sisters* as a whole. Most of the fuck 'n' suck scenes are too long, and none of

the characters are three-dimensional enough to be really affecting. Diehard John Leslie fans will root for his episode, but only if they stay awake long enough to catch it. —M. S.

## Sex Roulette

Here is a European release, and an ambitious one at that. *Sex Roulette* tries to be amusing, sexy, perverse and even classy—and it succeeds. Among other things, this German film offers the Riviera, a 76-year-old male star, a black dwarf, two pigs, and a blonde with just about the most perfect pair of tits imaginable. It is an enthusiastically perverse film, produced with style, wit and intelligence.

It is also a very sexy film. The male lead, Jean de Villroy, is touted as being 76—and he looks every minute of it. Within the first several minutes this senior-citizen satyr gets two back-to-back blowjobs. The second of these is from a foxy brunette in a French maid's outfit. The brunette, still on her knees, tells the old duffer that his semen "smells like roses." He looks at her skeptically and replies, "Either I'm very sick or you have a cold." This sets the



'Sex Roulette' tries to be amusing, sexy, perverse and classy—and succeeds.



spiritual tone for the whole film!

The decadent old dog is Lord Robert de Chamoix, a lecher who earns his living at roulette while fucking a swath across the Riviera. He's assisted in this task by his black-dwarf batman Balthasar (Robert Leray), who occasionally gets in on the act. In one early scene Balthasar videotapes a barnyard orgy involving two well-dressed couples who literally roll in the hay for an audience of two pigs.

The old man lives a pleasant aristocratic life marred only by his niece's penchant for gambling unsuccessfully. Veronique (Vanessa Melville), the niece, is about as appetizing as any woman in porn. With a pair of tits molded in heaven, this petulant-faced package remains a visual turn-on throughout the entire film. While dining together in a restaurant overlooking the Mediterranean, the old duffer tells her, "You could hold up the Acropolis with your tits"—and I for one am willing to believe it.

The story is tied in to the old man's determination to cure his niece of gambling by, as he puts it, "fucking the roulette right out of you." The result is approximately a dozen sex scenes, most of which are imaginative and highly erotic. At one point Veronique gets fucked in a sunken bed surrounded by hundreds of candles, in one of the most stylish porn sex scenes of all time.

But the attitude here remains irreverent and perverse—the old man eats his dinner off of a woman's chest, and at the conclusion of his meal the black dwarf fucks (and then falls in love with) a monstrously huge woman who resembles a refugee from a Fellini film. In fact, those of you who prefer conventional porn themes might find *Sex Roulette* to be too far-out. Moreover, there is little erotic build-up to the numerous sex scenes, which tend to change kaleidoscope-fast.

However, the sex is horny, the dialogue is witty, and the production values and background photography of the Riviera are uniformly excellent. In short, this is one of the most entertaining, energetic and erotic porn films that I have ever seen.



Siegrun Theil plays the lead in 'Laura'—fluffy, out-of-sync nonsense.

## Laura's Desires

First the good news: At a time when most American porn producers keep shuffling the same old faces from film to film, this European import is brimming with fresh new ones, including that of Siegrun Theil—the Laura of the title. Ms. Theil is both a well-formed fraulein and a credit to The Fatherland. Now for the bad news: It's a toss-up as to which is more unintentionally amusing in *Laura's Desires*—the out-of-sync dialogue or the out-of-sync story line.

The story is a bunch of fluffy nonsense about how Laura, the owner of a fashionable boutique, fucks her business associates and her friends. To accomplish this, Laura and her sex objects fly all over the European landscape—which leads me to another complaint. The poor dubbing job and weak dialogue are less bothersome than the long fucking scenes conducted in near-total silence.

In one, for instance, Laura is flying home to Hamburg in a small private plane along with another girl, the pilot and her

male host. The pilot puts the plane on automatic, and all four of them get it on. The scene lasts for approximately ten minutes, with the only sound being the background drone of the engines.

Despite all its faults, there are several scenes in *Laura's Desires* that do manage some minor erotic value. One is a *menage a trois* among Laura, her fashion photographer and his wife. It starts as a muff-diving duet between the girls and ends as a sticky threesome. Another is the closing cluster-fuck. Orgy finales have become as traditional to porn flicks as baby-smooching is to politicians. This flick's version of the orgy includes Laura, her brother, a black girl visiting from Rio (Stephanie Ross)—who is supposed to be an international beauty but who looks more like a streetwalker—a rich friend and his statuesque maid (Iris Stern). They run through the usual combinations of sexual couplings with a certain amount of gusto, and the film ends as Laura strolls down a beach, mouthing some twit-brained mush about how much

Siegrun Theil and Iris Stern, two new faces in the uninspired 'Laura.'



fun it is to fuck your friends.

The best that can be said about this film is that the cast has never before been seen by stateside audiences—and perhaps never will be again.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

### Erection

Babylon Pink  
Bad Penny  
Desires Within Young Girls  
Erotic Adventures of Candy  
MisBehavin'

### Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment  
Anna Obsessed  
Another Love, Another Place  
Candy Strippers  
Debbie Does Dallas  
Fiona on Fire  
Happy Holiday  
People  
Pretty Peaches  
Sensual Encounters of  
Every Kind  
Sex World  
The Little Blue Box  
The Other Side of Julie  
The Pleasure Palace

### Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings  
Carnal Games  
Here Comes the Bride  
Invasion of the Love Drones  
Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)  
Pizza Girls  
Pussycat Ranch  
Skin Flicks  
Take Off  
The China Cat  
The New York Babes  
The Senator's Daughter  
The Untamed

### One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume  
Hot Honey  
Hot Lunch  
Nite Bird

### Totally Limp

Daddy



# BOOKS

## Brother Ray: Ray Charles' Own Story

By Ray Charles and David Ritz;  
The Dial Press; \$9.95

Ray Charles became a fixture in the white-dominated pop music charts with the success of his acclaimed crossover album *Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music* (ABC Records, 1962) and the singles excerpted from it ("I Can't Stop Loving You," "You Don't Know Me"). He was no overnight success though; far from it. He'd had a string of rhythm-'n'-blues hits dating back to 1953 ("Mess Around," "Lonely Avenue"), including a few that cracked their way into the white charts ("What'd I Say," "Hit the Road, Jack"). But it was the unexpected commercial success of his C&W venture that made him a star of the first rank here and abroad.

What this fascinating as-told-to autobiography makes clear is that Ray Charles is a man who has always had very strong ideas about what he does and doesn't like—both in music and in life. Those country songs he recorded (against the advice of many who insisted on categorizing him as a "soul" or "race" artist) were songs he'd heard and loved while growing up. The same holds for the blues tracks he laid down over his own gutbucket piano, the standard pop ballads he recorded with lush string orchestration and the big-band showcase numbers he arranged and fronted in the 1960s. Once he found his true voice and personal style—he'd started out as a frank imitator of Nat "King" Cole and Charles Brown—he never looked back, going on to lend his inimitable touch to the varying musical categories he embraced, broadened and enriched.

If Elvis is still The King, Ray Charles is definitely The Genius—on the basis of his music alone, without doubt, but also in terms of his ability to survive and develop his talents in the



'Brother Ray' will interest anyone who has gotten off on his soulful music.

face of what many would consider an insurmountable set of handicaps: blindness and poverty. That he *has* survived and developed in all areas of life is colorfully attested to throughout this book.

His philosophical statements should be of particular interest to HUSTLER readers, especially when he talks about sex and freedom: "Sex needs to be open and fun, free and happy.... No restrictions, no hang-ups, no stupid rules, no formalities, no forbidden fruit—just everyone getting and giving as much as he and she can." And as the victim of several arrests for drug use, Charles feels strongly that "the police should police laws that keep people from fucking up other people.... But if... I'm doing something which is bad for me—for me and for no one else—then I want them to leave me alone."

Ray Charles is a man who by his own admission needs very little to stay content: "I've got enough bread to keep playing the music I want to play.... I should be straight for the rest of my life—with food, shelter, clothing, a phonograph, a TV, some kind of transportation to get me around. And if I can continue getting a little pussy to set off my day, I suspect I'll be a reasonably happy man." His life story will be of interest to anyone who has ever gotten off (one way or another) to any of his records. —Jonathan King

## Women

By Charles Bukowski; *Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 3993, Santa Barbara, California 93105; \$14 hardcover, \$5 paper.*

For years poet Charles "Hank" Bukowski has been presenting the adventures of Hank Chinaski to his readers. Chinaski is a fictional poet/novelist given to admitting and celebrating his sexual conquests in his writing. Sex for him has mostly been a succession of genitals and mouths—anonymous orifices to be explored to the accompaniment of copious amounts of liquor.

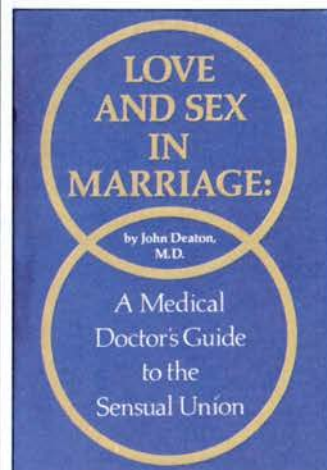
In *Women* Bukowski compresses the tales of almost ten years' worth of Chinaski's chicks. The book presents a mature Chinaski—an aging character reflecting on the battle of the sexes with wisdom and irony. Early on Chinaski muses: "Where did all the women come from? The supply was endless. Each one of them individual, different. Their pussies were different, their kisses were different, their breasts were different, but no man could drink them all, there were too many of them, crossing their legs, driving men mad. What a feast!"

And that's exactly what Bukowski serves up in *Women*: a veritable delicatessen of females—some of whom make the bile rise in your esophagus, while others make you cry like a child for more dessert. In the

process Chinaski becomes the old dog learning new tricks: He's taught to give head at 50, begins to accept occasional impotence and finally comes to understand the frustration of sleeping with a woman without fucking her.

All men have thought at one time, "I wish I knew then what I know now." Bukowski's Chinaski lives out the wish and translates it into reality. From sweet-and-sour Lydia to organic Sara, Bukowski dishes up a banquet, and each morsel makes the reader hunger for more women and more reflection about them. And that's the point of the entire exercise, after all—to come to understand that a male can *never* comprehend women, but should *never* give up the attempt. For Bukowski that attempt is the only thing worth living for.

If the point isn't clear: In addition to being Bukowski's finest book to date, *Women* is a first-rate piece of American fiction. —Zbigniew Kindela



## Love and Sex in Marriage

By John Deaton, M.D.; Parker Publishing Company, Inc.; \$9.95

The subtitle of this book is "A Medical Doctor's Guide to the Sensual Union," but it might just as well have been "The Sex Manual for People Afraid of Sex Manuals." That's because Dr. Deaton takes incredible pains to defuse the sex act of all its hidden terrors. For Deaton the sex act means straight intercourse, and it's



# HUSTLER®

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## ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

patients—but, regrettably, doctors have hang-ups too. Ask your physician to be honest with you about how long he thinks the drug may be necessary or if there is some other medication you could take that might not be so sexually debilitating.

**Man or Goat?** I've got this problem involving my girlfriend, who is living with me at the moment. She wants to get married, but I don't, as I figure it will interfere with my sex life with other women at the weekly orgies I attend. How can I let her down easy?

—K. W.  
Colonia, New Jersey

If your girlfriend insists that your life-style should change, it seems that she's beginning to show doubts and anxiety about the present situation. It may be that she won't be happy for long with your arrangement even if you don't get married. If you would rather have the orgies than the steady partner (and it's apparent that she wants you to choose between the two), then there's no way of letting her down gently.

But have you asked her whether she expects that your life-style would change? Does she want to get married to keep you home, or for some strictly practical reasons (like preventing the legal tangles of a Lee Marvin case)? If you have an open relationship now, that could still be the case after marriage if you both agree to it. Married couples often trade traditional stability for the ego satisfaction and excitement of an open marriage.

You've already entered into a primary relationship by living with your girlfriend. The next step, maintaining your life-style, is to establish a set of ground rules for the future. The most common ground rules, according to studies in the field of open marriage, are honesty and an easy acceptance of outside sexual involvements as long as they don't interfere with your primary relationship. We presume you're already operating on that level or you wouldn't be able to live together in any kind of harmony. So communicate with her and find out just what her goals are—you may discover that you can have your cake and eat it too.

**Fits Like a Glove:** Could you please explain how a woman could possibly take a 14-inch prick? I've explored my vagina with my fingers, and it seems that my cervix is in about four-and-a-half inches from the outer lips. How can it possibly move back to take a penis that long?

—S. A. M.  
Greenwood, South Carolina

The vagina is a space capable of expanding 25 percent beyond its usual size during the excitement of intercourse. But a 14-inch penis will put pressure on the cervix. That can be painful and unpleasant for some women, but others enjoy the pressure because it pushes on the uterus in such a way that the nerve endings of the inner abdominal wall are stimulated.



Dr. Margo Rila serves on the faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, in San Francisco. Both she and Ms. Olivier are members of the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Sex Information Center.

Surely you, like every man, want to be thought of as a mature and experienced sexual partner, regardless of your age or the number of hours you've actually spent doing the big wiggle in the sack. And one of the cardinal tests of any male's sexual maturity is his ability to handle the sexual needs of an inexperienced woman. This is particularly true if the intended lover is a virgin; a traumatic and brutal first experience can cause her severe problems later.

Should you find yourself with an opportunity to introduce a woman to the delightful practice of sexual intercourse, bear in mind that breaking a virgin's cherry demands skill, patience and, above all, sensitivity. Ideally, it should be an experience she'll remember with affection for the rest of her life.

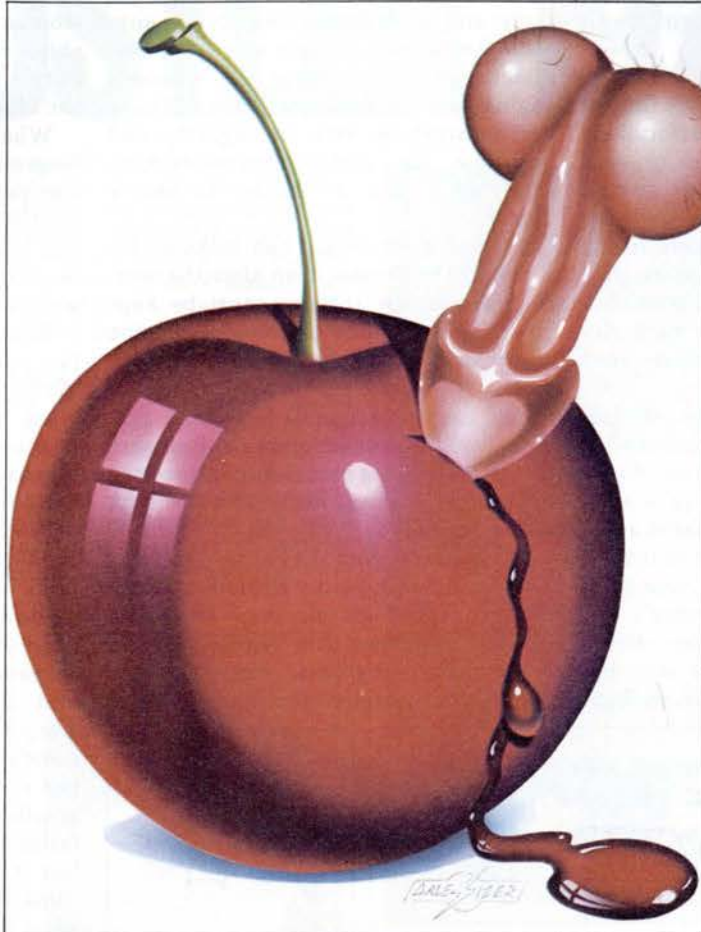
Your partner's willingness and cooperation, of course, are essential if you both want to come away feeling good about your close encounter. If there's real resistance on her part, and you feel like pouncing, attacking and breaking through by brute force, then it's not consensual sex, and it's not likely to be remembered as pleasant and positive afterward by either of you.

An accomplished lover knows the difference between a no that means "no" and a no that means "maybe." If in doubt, especially with a virgin, treat no as no.

Incidentally, one thing the accomplished lover never forgets is the need for birth control. We're not going to discuss the available methods here, but obviously a mature sexual partner will take all the necessary precautions.

It is very unlikely that this is going to be your first sexual experience with your virgin. It's to be hoped that you

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



## HOW TO REALLY BREAK A CHERRY

by Dr. Margo Rila and Lee Olivier, M.S.

will have already established a loving and communicative relationship that includes a lot of petting and necking—perhaps even to orgasm for both of you. If this is the case, then take as much time as you can to do all the things with her that you've enjoyed before. But if you're new to each other, then use your hands and mouth to bring her off before you try penetration. Take your time; see how sensitive her nipples and clitoris are to your fingers and tongue. Celebrate the incredible differences between man and woman; explore her body and have her explore yours.

If you're working on her clitoris, make sure there's plenty of vaginal fluid lubricating your fingertips. Go down on

her and probe her vagina gently with your tongue. If she remains dry after several minutes, don't hurry things. Be relaxed and calm. Take a break, if necessary, then hold her and make her feel loved. Kiss her all over and tell her how beautiful she is. Ask her clearly what turns her on, and tell her just as clearly what you want done to your own body.

Don't forget that sex is communication, perhaps the greatest kind of communication possible between human beings. Most of the problems of inexperienced lovers are *communication* problems. Mutual shyness prevents people from saying what they want, and a virgin is likely to be especially shy. But clear language can work wonders, particularly if it's the kind that you know turns her on, whether it's romantic, smutty or whatever.

At this stage of foreplay lubrication is just as important as it will be later on, during penetration. Women vary widely in the amount of natural lubrication they produce, so it's no insult to your powers as a lover if some extra lubricant is required.

K-Y jelly or Lube—both of which are water-soluble and contain no dyes, scents or alcohol—are preferred. (Don't use Vaseline, as it is not water-soluble and will not be eliminated by the vagina's natural self-cleaning process.) Both K-Y and Lube are almost tasteless, so you can use your fingers to apply them to her clitoris or pussy opening, and then follow up with your tongue without getting a nasty taste in your mouth.

If your partner is responding well to your foreplay, bring her all the way to clitoral orgasm. Then do it again—maybe two or three times altogether, letting each orgasm die down before starting the next. This might take an hour, or even longer, but who's watching the clock? When you're breaking a cherry, it's much better to take too much time than too little. If you're not used to long lovemaking sessions yourself, then you'll



be learning something too—that being a man is more than being a rabbit.

The actual penetration of your virgin may or may not be a problem, depending on the condition of her “cherry” (hymen), a thin membrane just inside the opening of the vagina of most virgins. We say “most” virgins have one, because it’s a widely believed myth that an intact hymen indicates that a girl is still a virgin.

In fact, the hymen naturally has one or several holes in it to allow the flow of menstrual matter. These perforations are often stretched by fingers or tampons prior to initial intercourse. Sometimes the hymen is missing entirely, either because it was never there in the first place, or because it was broken during childhood games or sports activities. The opening could even be naturally large enough to accommodate your erect penis without any tearing.

It is this tearing that produces the traditional blood and pain associated with the female’s loss of virginity. Your virgin may feel little or no pain, or quite a bit of it, and here’s where your skills as an accomplished lover are most needed. At some time toward the end of your foreplay—ideally when your partner’s had at least one clitoral orgasm—you should inch a well-lubricated finger into her vagina. Probe gently but firmly, perhaps

rolling the fingers of your other hand steadily on her clit. If there’s going to be any tearing of the hymen at all, it’s best done when she’s feeling the pleasure of an approaching orgasm.

Occasionally the hymen is a firm barrier that resists all your loving efforts. If that is the case, don’t feel humiliated. Above all, don’t come on like a macho rapist and try to thrust your cock in anyway. Repeated attempts to rupture an intact hymen will leave the woman’s vagina swollen and sore. Instead, have her masturbate you to orgasm, and postpone the actual cherry-breaking until she’s had a chance to see a doctor.

A good gynecologist can make an incision in the hymen; then after the soreness passes, the incision must be kept open—and regular intercourse is one suggested method. But be aware of your partner’s possible emotions if the defloration has to wait until later. She may feel inadequate or unfeminine. Reassure her as lovingly as you can that once the doctor fixes things, she’s in for the fuck of her life!

If your fingers have successfully broken through, gently explore as much of her vagina as you can. Have her smear lubrication over your cock, and while she’s doing that, close your eyes and let your imagination wander. You’re

about to be the first man to invade this particular cunt with his cock, and while that may be a small step for mankind, it’s a very big step for her! She’s likely to remember you for the rest of her life.

Incidentally, using lubrication may also help reduce the possibility of “honeymoon cystitis,” a bladder inflammation that frequently develops after a woman begins a new sexual relationship. Repeated intercourse, especially over a short period of time, can irritate the bladder, which is close to the vagina.

When it becomes easy to insert one finger into her vagina, try two. Stretch the perforation in the hymen with a gently circular motion. By the time you can insert two fingers easily she should be ready for penetration by your cock without a great deal of difficulty.

What are the best positions to facilitate penile penetration for the first time? Well, there’s nothing wrong with the good old man-on-top (“missionary”) position. Tell your lover to spread her legs as far apart as is comfortable and to hang on to you tightly, with her hands on your back or around your neck and shoulders. Then very slowly slide your prick in, perhaps using one hand to guide it.

At this point don’t start pumping like a steam engine; there’s plenty of time for that at the next lovemaking session. Keep thinking to yourself: “This girl of mine’s a virgin, and I’m going to give her the best first experience she could possibly have.” It may be kind of old-fashioned to think like that these days, but it’s a beautiful head trip, and just thinking it will help communicate to her what a special occasion this is.

Put it into words if you feel comfortable doing so; tell her as you slip inside her what a fantastically glorious cunt she has, and how fine you feel being the first to fuck her. Tell her that, whether you stay together forever or for a week, you’ll never forget this moment. And chances are you won’t!

If your arms start getting tired from supporting your weight, or if your erection starts to flag with all the concentrating you’ve been doing, then try a side-to-side position—such as the one in which you curl up behind her back like two spoons in a tray. This way it’s easier to go very slowly, stopping and starting as often as you and she need to. Try teasing—pushing your cock in a little bit, pulling it out a little bit, over and over again. Many women find such “teasing” to be very stimulating, because it puts pressure on the clitoris and the surrounding area, which have a high concentration of nerve endings. Teasing

(continued on page 132)





# ★ GREAT MOMENTS ★ IN HUSTLER 1974-79

*HUSTLER* has been through a hell of a lot more than most five-year-olds. We've made history, set trends and managed to offend just about everyone. We've been the target of every bluenose in America, and a forum for millions tired of being told how to live their lives by people and institutions that profit by keeping them in the dark about their sexuality. We've been praised and prosecuted, congratulated and convicted for having the balls to be honest and the nerve to be outrageous.

It would take a book to tell the whole story and this entire issue to chronicle just some of the controversy we've caused and the innovations we've made. For those of you with us from the start, this will be a pleasant trip down Memory Lane. For you new readers here's a chance to catch what you missed. In our first issue we promised to offer the kind of entertainment and information you were looking for in a men's magazine. And now that we're older and wiser, we'd like to make another promise: You ain't seen nothin' yet!



**CLOSE SHAVE.** In September 1974 we decided to walk the razor's edge and shave this lass's pubes. But censorship was so severe then that we had to shave the photos too: Her vulva wasn't fully exposed.



**MILKING THE LAUGHS.** *Bits & Pieces* began attracting readers' attention with displays of mammoth mammaries and dangling dorks. The biggest, the baddest and the bawdiest found a home in this reader-oriented section.



**THINK PINK.** By December 1974, *HUSTLER* had opened its pages to expose women as they're seen in bedrooms and bawdyrooms nationwide. Our first pink Honey!



**KNOT REALLY.** When people claimed we were twisted, our response was one of the best covers *HUSTLER* (or any other magazine) has ever published (May 1975).

**REVOLUTIONARY PASSION.** Larry Flynt put on his best pajamas to pose for this birthday salute on America's 200th.







**THINKING YOUNG.** It became quite apparent with our February 1975 issue that we'd risk stepping into virgin territory. PTAs throughout the country were up in arms.

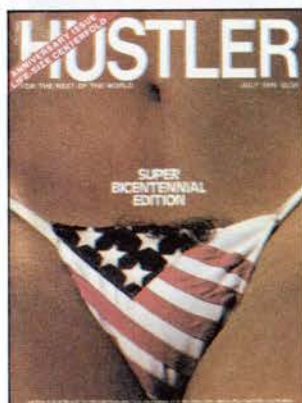
**DON'T KNOCK IT.** With our April 1976 issue HUSTLER became the first men's magazine to explore the full beauty of motherhood. And we weren't kidding either.



**OLD HAT.** Where was your mom in September 1975? This 50-year-old centerfold gave new meaning to the term "middle-age spread."



**FLAGGING INTEREST.** The Bicentennial gave us the perfect opportunity to pay homage to Old Glory as well as establish another first in the publishing world. Our July 1976 issue was the first magazine ever to show pubic hair on its cover.



**TRUCK YOU, HEF!** Our readers wouldn't know a Martini from a Rossi, but they know a good magazine. This ad first ran in our May 1976 issue.



**SPOOKING THE KLAN.** Some Southerners felt we were giving American sexuality a black eye by running this interracial set (December 1975).



**FROG FROLICS.** Back in the spring of 1976 we welcomed French photographer James Baes to HUSTLER. The master of mirrored cunts was Europe's number-one camera-clicker until Larry Flynt tempted him to hop across the big water into the swamp of American porn.

**REPUBLICAN RAUNCH.** This bit of Bicentennial buffoonery helped earn Larry Flynt an indictment in Cleveland, Ohio. The financially troubled lakefront city has since learned how badly it was fucked over by previous Republican administrations.





**CUE BALL IN THE PINK POCKET.** This June 1976 pictorial was a hit not only with ex-Nazis but also with any horny reader who thought Gillette manufactures sex aids.



**LIMEY LUST.** Clive McLean was England's top erotic photographer before giving himself over exclusively to HUSTLER's continuing success. This shot from our October 1976 issue is part of Clive's first set for us.



**CARTOON CAPERS.** After our black friend got caught in this November 1976 cartoon, readers complained that we were prejudiced against Negroes. We ended the controversy in September 1977 with this shot of our Jewish friend, proving beyond question that we're prejudiced against everybody.

**COURTING THE LAW.** Tennessee appellate judge Charles Galbreath got bad reviews from his fellow jurists for his good review of HUSTLER.

**COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEALS**  
**STATE OF TENNESSEE**  
**SUPREME COURT BUILDING**  
**NASHVILLE 37210**

PRESIDING JUDGE  
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 ASSOCIATE JUDGES  
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 CHARLES H. O'BRIEN  
 JOE D. DUNCAN  
 MARTHA CRAIG DAUGHTREY

RAYNEY LEATHERS  
 CLERK

March 29, 1976

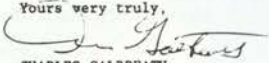
Mr. Larry C. Flynt,  
 Editor and Publisher  
 Hustler  
 36 West Gay Street  
 Columbus, Ohio 43215

Dear Sir:

As the only appellate judge, to my knowledge, who has officially admitted that he enjoys reading some pornographic literature, I am an avid fan of your young publication.

I have been a student of the law for more than a quarter century and I have never been able to understand why the reading habits of the citizenry should be the official concern of government.

The text of my opinion did receive rather widespread dissemination in judicial and legal periodicals, as per the attached copy from Criminal Law Week, and it might be that the views expressed would be of interest to your staff or your readers. If so, feel free to use so much of the opinion as you care to. No charge. Our official opinions are in the public domain.

Yours very truly,  
  
 CHARLES GALBREATH

CG/sb  
 Enclosures

P.S.  
 I attach another dissent of mine pointing out that eating pussy is not a crime in Tennessee, even though the defendant was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary for it. (An unanimous Federal Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit adopted my reasoning and ordered the defendant released.)



**AN AFTER-DINNER SMOKE.** The first in HUSTLER's famous series of antismoking ads was designed to make readers think twice before cooking their lungs with tar.



**THIS LADY'S GOT BALLS!** It took a lot of guts for Joe...er... Josephine to peel off her bra and Jockey shorts for our February 1976 issue.

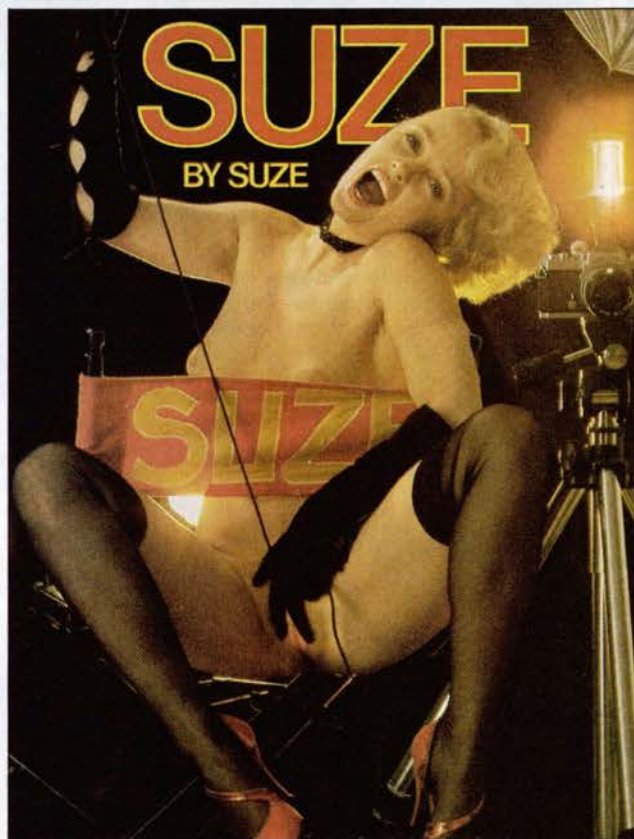




**HOLY SMOKES.** This hot piece of pussy sucked a butt for readers of our March 1976 issue, but fortunately she didn't develop a cough.



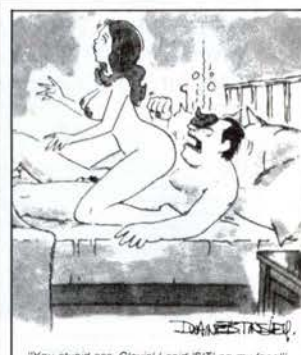
**PRETTY AS A PICTURE.** Former *Playboy* photographer and sometime Hugh Hefner party girl Suze Randall made her debut as both a *HUSTLER* model and shutter-bug with this June 1977 self-portrait.



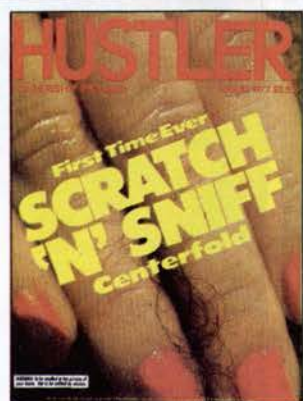
**STOOPING TO A NEW HITE.** In April 1977 we published an analysis of *The Hite Report*, along with some photos taken a few years earlier when author Shere Hite was probably conducting research for the book.



**CRY UNCLE.** In May 1977 we became the first magazine to deal with President Carter's convict nephew, William Carter Spann, who showed us the dark side of Uncle Jimmy's cheesy grin.



**TOILET TITTERS.** It's been a long time since Dwaine B. Tinsley's first shit cartoon appeared in *HUSTLER* (June 1976), but Dwaine's been pumping them out steadily ever since.



**TROPIC OF CASTRO-CORN.** The first of Contributing Editor Frank Fortunato's worldwide quests for cooze brought us this Caribbean collage for our December 1977 issue.

**SMELL OF SUCCESS.** *HUSTLER* became the first men's magazine to give readers a whiff of the action with our Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold (August 1977).





# HUSTLER®

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**HUSTLER**  
**Takes a Look**  
**at Madison Avenue**

Written by Stephen Sayadian  
 Photography by Kevin Saraweth

Oh,  
 the advantages  
 of our  
 longer cigarette.

**STUD 420's**  
 They're in the box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
 That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



A man who lives breathing around the SUIA, but in Poland, still goes right to the point. A sports reader by nature, and with a ready appetite for a slice of life, he is always eager to hear this something more and different. With an innate ability to catch early on any problems that stand in his path, the SLAYBOY reader doesn't hesitate to sever any relationship that prevents him from reading his favorite magazine. **FACT:** A recent survey indicated that 55% of SLAYBOY readers eventually become authors, translators or columnists. If you're tired of everything you've got, reach the man who, every action, does almost any job. Use **THE MAXBOY** reader — a full-on, all the time!

New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta • London • Tokyo

For the pro and the man who wants  
to cut like one.

Get a piece of the cock.



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a purple top, is seated at a table. She is looking down at a plate of food, which appears to be a large, cooked bird (possibly a cock) on a platter. She is holding a fork and knife, ready to eat. The table is set with two tall, lit candles in ornate holders, a glass of water, and a small plate with a dessert. The background is dark, creating a moody atmosphere.

There's just finished preparing a morning meal for a hungry man, but what can he get today? Instead you're just trapped. In common with most early sports the grand opening.

to stay.

We think today's 18-year-old female wouldn't have as much of an investment in her man, the level that splits her from the 1970s model of pouring it all into your guy. The new term, *post-sexual marriage*, is coming for marriage, too. (Number 973, Second LIFE. Or, more about

**STUDential**  
With a flick of the zipper  
you're motivated to please

**STUDential™**  
With a flick of the zipper  
we're moving to class.

Set down at Harbortek and just moments later the show begins. That means a brief and groovy—be naive, have table set up his stage.

You're never seen strikes, kisses and showers put through each thrilling game, the varied plotting quite as mouth-watering. What more can you ask for? It's the only show to mean that entertainment and fun are at the same time.

HIGH-KASEI of TOKYO

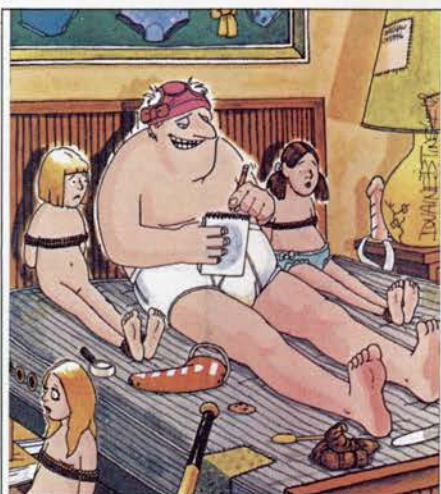
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We invite the Historical Ecology Group to join the Society with us.

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**CHESTER KIDDING AROUND.** We've never received a *Kinky Korner* submission from Chester, but this caper from the pen of Dwaine B. Tinsley ranks as our favorite in the regular appearances of this cartoon character.



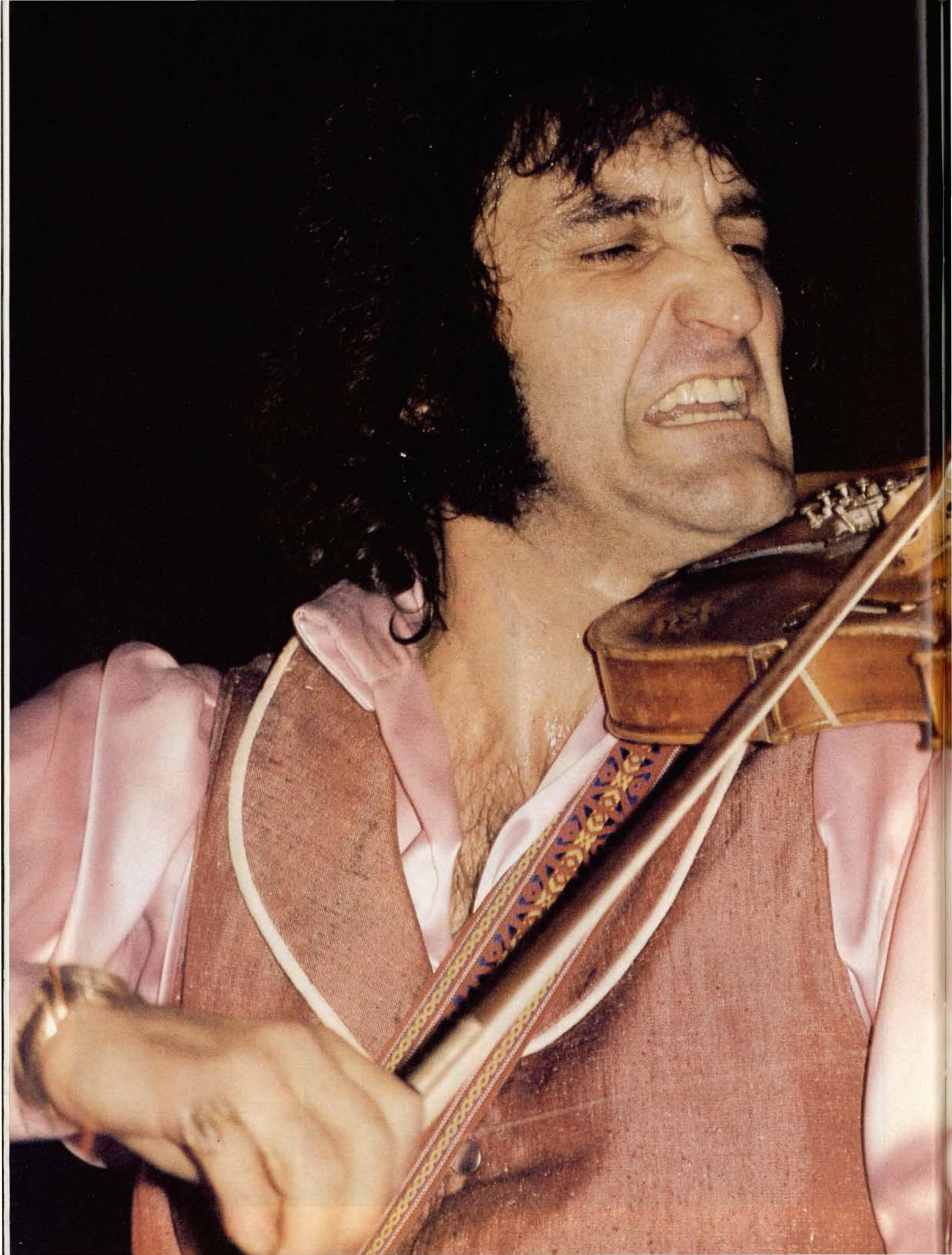
"Dear Kinky Korner...."

**SEEING STARS.** The rich and famous are different from us until they leave their designer fashions in the closet. *HUSTLER* has gone all out to bring readers celebrity cocks and cunts like Adrienne Barbeau, Elizabeth Ray, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Angie Dickinson and Sly Stallone.



**STOMACH-TURNER.** Only *HUSTLER* and Publisher Larry Flynt would dare share with readers the horrors of an assassination attempt, to show how incredibly real those horrors can be (September 1978).









# DOUG KERSHAW

## *The Ragin' Cajun*

### PROFILE BY STUART GOLDMAN

I nside the Palomino Club—L.A.'s hottest country-music nightspot—there's a definite buzz in the air as the house-lights dim for the 8 p.m. show. Onstage the four-piece backup band has just finished the last of its warm-up numbers and is now droning nervously on a chord as the crowd holds its breath. The chord seems endless, growing louder with every second as the electricity in the room continues to build. Then a voice booms out over the public-address system: "Ladies and gentlemen . . . the Palomino is proud to present . . . the Ragin' Cajun himself . . . Mr. Doug Kershaw!" Almost before the announcer is finished, a figure dressed in a purple-velvet suit leaps onstage, seemingly from



out of nowhere, plugs his fiddle into a 600-watt amplifier and rips into song:

*Well in 1814 we took a little trip,  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the  
mighty Mississippi.*

*We took a little bacon an' we took a  
little beans,  
An' we fought the bloody British in  
the town of New Orleans. . .*

The song is Jimmy Driftwood's classic "Battle of New Orleans"—made popular by the late Johnny Horton 20 years ago—but it's never been done like this before. Onstage Kershaw spins, leaps, dances, prances, stomps, dips, dives, pirouettes and duckwalks—all the while twisting his angular features into some of the weirdest geometric configurations you've ever seen. He never ceases his frenzied fiddling for a moment, and by the end of the song he's destroyed his first fiddle bow of the evening.

The crowd is with him from the start, shouting and screaming its approval. At the end of the next tune—when Kershaw lets go with the famed Cajun yell "AAAAAAA-EEEEEEE"—they yell right along with him. Kershaw wipes the sweat from his brow with the back of his sleeve, sidles up to the front of the stage and opens his eyes wide in mock surprise. "I see we got some coon-asses out there tonight. Y'all like Cajun music?" More screams. "OK, then we

gonna give it to ya. Hit it, boys."

Without turning around, Kershaw whips his bow downward in a signal to the band, which tears into "Diggy Liggy Lo," and he's off again, more manic than ever. Midway through the number the second bow—which by now looks like so much shredded dental floss—bites the dust. Kershaw tosses it over his shoulder, reaches back to pull another out of a sheath resting on his amp and continues the tune—all without missing a lick.

At the end of four nonstop tunes, bows are strewn all over the stage, and the crowd—which hasn't been off its feet since the show started—is in a total frenzy. Kershaw stops to remove his velvet coat, revealing the white-lace shirt underneath completely soaked in sweat. "Sheeeit," he drawls into the mike, "this damn place is hotter'n a prostitute without a house!"

Standing in the back of the room by the cigarette machine, I realize I'd heard the line before. When I start trying to figure out exactly how many times I'd heard it, the memories suddenly come flooding back.

December 1974. I was playing pedal-steel guitar in one of the sleazier clubs in Reno, Nevada. Five grueling sets a night, six nights a week, cranking out

country standards to a roomful of largely uninterested tourists. Most of my paycheck was gambled away, but what the hell—it was a gig.

One morning on my way back from breakfast I stopped to glance at the local entertainment guide. I skipped over Engelbert Humperdinck and Don Rickles, then found my eyes glued to the letters in bold print that announced: NOW APPEARING, ONE WEEK ONLY AT HARRAH'S—DOUG KERSHAW.

I'd been a Kershaw fan for years. For my money he was one of the unique talents in existence—a Cajun fiddle player and singer who'd electrified the music of the bayou. There was simply nobody like him. I'd seen him on TV several times and had caught his appearance in the film *Zachariah*, and he'd knocked me out every time. Late in 1970 I wandered into Winterland in San Francisco and found him opening for—of all people—The Grateful Dead. The spaced-out crowd didn't seem to know what to make of this wildman, who'd jump from fiddle to dobro to guitar and back to fiddle again without ever breaking stride, but it was obvious that he had something special.

I was busy figuring out how I could get out of my last set that night so I could make it over to Harrah's, when I was struck by an idea—no, an *inspiration*. Two minutes later I was up in my room, dialing Harrah's on the phone. I don't know what had gotten into me. Maybe it was the endless boredom, or maybe it was those damn polyester suits our bandleader had us wearing, but I knew what I had to do. When the operator answered, I spoke in my most authoritative tone: "Put me through to Doug Kershaw, please."

There was about a 20-second silence; then a deep baritone voice came on the other end of the line. "Yaaass?"

"Uh, I . . . I'm trying to get hold of Doug Kershaw."

"This is Doug Kershaw speaking."

*Oh, shit! Don't clam up now. You've gone this far—might as well bluff your way through.* "Uh, well, see . . . I heard you were looking for a pedal-steel-guitar player, and uh . . . I'd like to try out for the job."

Another long silence. Then, "Well, why don't you come over about 4:30 and we'll see what we can do about it."

After I hung up, I sat there, mortified. What the fuck had I done? Yet in my gut I knew it had been the right move. In fact, I knew I had the job. And, praise be to intuition (or whatever you choose to call it), that night at 10 I found myself onstage playing with Doug

(continued on page 112)







"At first I thought it was a bird or a plane."



# CHRISSIE

CAMPFIRE  
HONEY



What does Chrissie do when the sun goes down? Soon you'll be able to watch this Campfire Honey in action at home in the first of Suze Randall's *Hot Reels*. Look for more information in upcoming issues of *HUSTLER*.







Photography by Suze Randall



When Chrissie goes camping, she goes first-cabin. For her not an old puptent and beat-up army blanket; she likes the sleek feel of down-filled nylon keeping her snug during those cool summer nights in the woods.





















Sound selfish? Not really. Chrissie knows the woods are full of hot-blooded creatures who'd like to share her furry nest. And she believes firmly in the first law of camping: Always have a warm welcome for any stranger who might be passing by. You'll find Chrissie's campfire burning briskly by the third tree on the right.





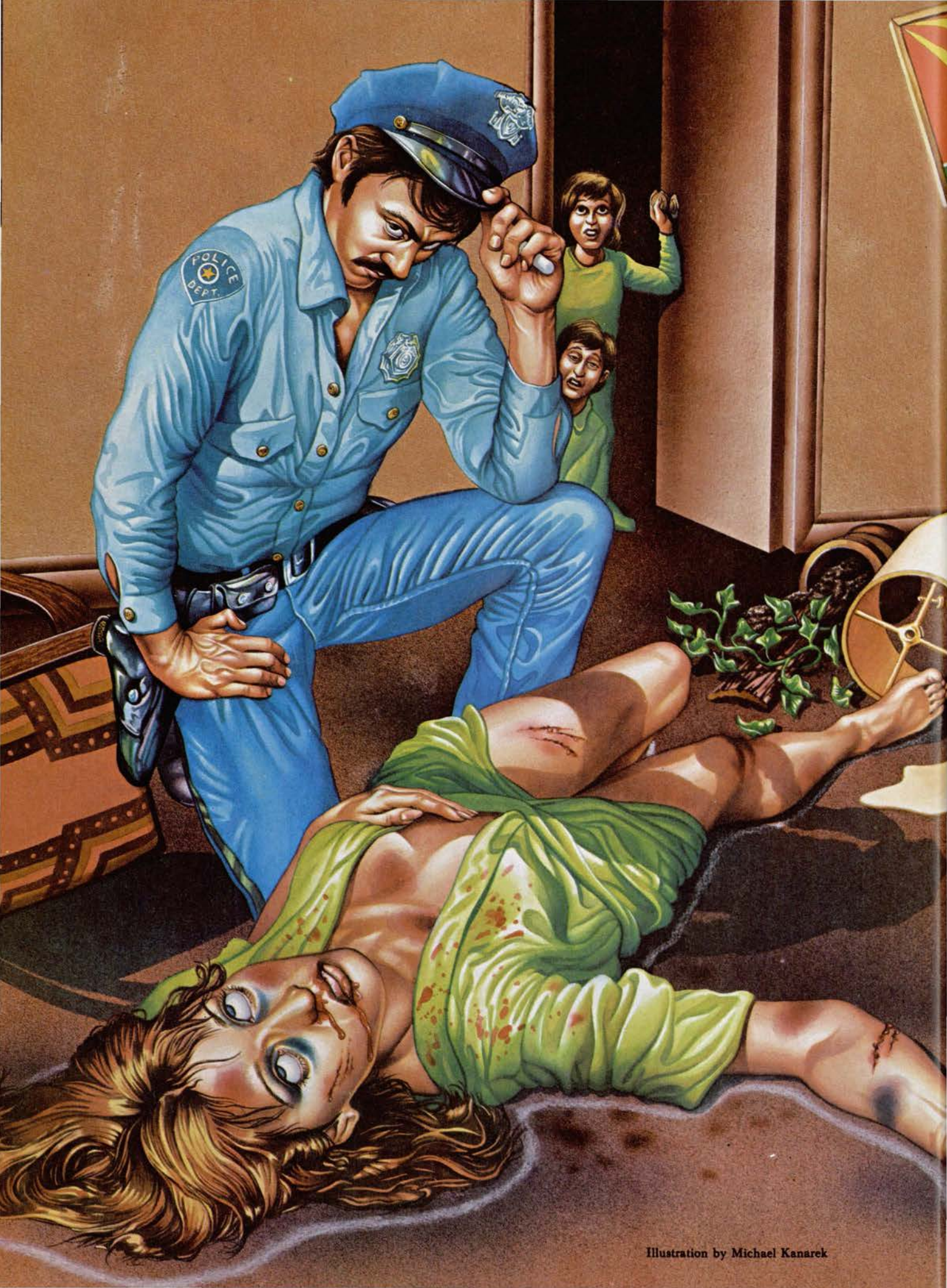


Illustration by Michael Kanarek





# WIFE ABUSE

## **TILL DEATH DO US PART**

"My wife and I were in bed, and when I asked her why she was so late coming home, she gave me that sick smile of hers. Something inside of me exploded. I grabbed her shoulders and started bouncing her up and down on the bed. She spat in my face. Then I sat on her and put my hands around her throat, just to scare her. She got scared and so did I. I let go of her and started to cry and

**REPORT BY LAIRD SUTTON, PH.D.**



apologize. I felt terrible and guilty. I was sick to my stomach and shaking. Why was she so cold to me afterward?"

"It happened over a long period of time while we were married—at first just once in a while and then with more and more regularity. Early in our marriage I was with my husband constantly, depending on him for money, food, shelter, entertainment, all those things. I sensed resentment from him about this dependence on my part. Then our first child was born, and I thought, Wow! Here's someone who is dependent on me now, who I am responsible for! As our family grew and I began to spend more and more time with the children, I grew stronger myself, and this strength—combined with not always being around my husband—seemed to increase his resentment and moodiness. Eventually the hitting began—a little at first and then more and more, repeatedly. Mainly he would hit me with his fists, around the shoulders and upper body. Sometimes he would start choking me. I don't remember if he kicked me; in fact, it's hard to remember too much about any of that time. It took me many years to come to the point that I could finally move out and get a divorce.

"When he beat me, I'd sort of go into another place, if you know what I mean. It was like I wasn't even there. Sometimes it took a long time for me to return to reality."

"My wife was getting a little too uppity and sassy, so I beat her up a bit. Nothing shows (I was careful about that), but you can see my handprints on her ass. I worked her over good, ripped her clothes off and slapped the hell out of her for about two hours. By God, she knows her place now—she's as gentle as a kitten, and no sass."

"I'm filled with a strange mixture of love and hate. I love my husband, but I don't want any more of the violence. I don't want to be punched, kicked and shoved around anymore. He needs help, but he's too guil-

ty to talk to anybody about his problem."

Men in this country are beating up their wives and lovers at an alarming rate. Today violence has occurred in almost half of America's homes or living situations, and in a quarter of these it is regularly taking place. Where does this violence originate? Why has it been such a well-kept secret for so many years? Why does it happen?

Now women are beginning to feel free to talk openly about being beaten. They are finding more support from other women when they choose to speak out, and some states have enacted legislation to deal with the problem of wife-beating. There has been a gradual focus in the media recently about women assaulted by husbands and lovers. Their bodies have been bruised, cut and burned, their bones broken, skulls fractured, pregnant bellies kicked and stomped, fetuses killed, internal organs ruptured, eyes blackened (even blinded) and teeth knocked out. They have been hit with hands, fists, paperweights, bottles and chairs. They have been sliced, stabbed and shot by the men in their lives. Sometimes they have died, while sometimes they have survived the attacks—but with scars on their bodies and indelible memories that will haunt them for the rest of their lives.

Men have been reprimanded, fined or thumped on the back for "teaching her her place." In a few cases the law has issued restraining or vacate orders; sometimes men have even been incarcerated, although the jail sentence awarded a wife-abuser is usually determined by the extent of the woman's injuries, and rarely relates to the prescribed term a person would expect to serve for a straightforward assault or attempted-murder conviction. As a consequence of their violent behavior a few of the men have died, becoming them-

selves victims of battered women who had had enough and who either knifed or shot their attacker.

## DANGER IN THE INTIMATE UNIT

When we choose to have an intimate relationship with a person, usually more than sex is involved. The relationship becomes charged with high potential, waiting to be energized by what the participants bring to it. It is a union in which both mind and body are shared and cared for. Triumphs and defeats, frustrations and joys fill the arena of this intimate unit. It is within this unit that the greatest danger of violence is also likely to be present.

In New York City between 1972 and 1973 (the latest period for which statistics are available) there were 14,167 reported cases of wife assault. This figure is usually multiplied by about a factor of ten to account for incidents never reported to the police. That amounts to more than 140,000 cases a year in New York City alone and easily more than 1 million nationwide.

In Atlanta, Georgia, 60 percent of all police calls on the night shift are for domestic disputes. Interestingly, this figure holds for most major cities as well as for rural areas. Battering occurs throughout society.

When wife assault escalates into homicide, some interesting patterns result. In general, crime statistics reveal that both black and white males are most likely to be killed by a close friend or someone they know, while the overwhelming tendency for women is to be slain in a family or love-relationship context. Women have a much lower homicide rate than do men (that is, they are less likely to kill), but when they do kill, it is more often their husband or lover who dies, either by a knife or a

(continued on page 119)

# WIFE-BEATERS: YOU CAN GET HELP!

There are not many places for men who assault their wives or lovers to seek help, but they include:

**THERAPY FOR ABUSIVE BEHAVIOR**, P.O. Box 6420, Baltimore, Maryland 21230. Works with the courts and provides support groups and counseling for men.

**VICTIMS INFORMATION BUREAU OF SUFFOLK COUNTY**,

INC., 501 Route 111, Hauppauge, New York 11787. Has counseling for both men and women as well as a 24-hour hotline number (516-360-3606).

**EMERGE**, 25 Huntington Avenue, Room 206, Boston, Massachusetts 02116. Works exclusively with men, helping them to explore the roots of their violence and to seek out alternatives to it.

There are other programs that work with wife-abusers, although not exclusively, in Minneapolis, Minnesota; Seattle, Washington; Portland, Oregon; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; and San Francisco, California.

More information may be gained through local mental-health agencies and the **CENTER FOR WOMEN POLICY STUDIES**, 2000 P Street N.W., Suite 508, Washington, D.C. 20036. (Telephone: 202-872-1770.)





"Energy crisis, shit! We just do like our grandpappies did . . . use our natural resources!"









# CINDY

HOT CHUTIST

Photography by Matti Klatt



Cindy spends most of her weekends jumping out of airplanes. During the week she works in the makeup department of a posh Palm Springs department store, but on Saturdays she heads out to a nearby airstrip, buckles on her chute and hits the sky.

"I love the feel of the cool air as it whistles through my clothes," she says. "It seems to relieve all the pressures of work. I drop as far as I can before I pull the cord, and when the harness jerks between my legs as the chute opens, it's a real turn-on."

What happens when Cindy lands? "I just pack up my chute and do it again," she says. "Why don't you jump with me sometime?"





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REMOVE LIFE-SIZE  
POSTER WITHOUT  
DAMAGE GRASP THE  
ENTIRE 16-PAGE SEC-  
TION AND YANK  
STRAIGHT OUT!





























Two sailors on liberty went to Tijuana for what they hoped would be a wild weekend of booze and loose women. When they arrived at a bordello highly recommended by a shipmate, they noticed the place was loaded with only ugly, scabby, decrepit whores.

"What is this," asked one disgusted sailor, "a whorehouse or a kennel?"

A teacher known for her Christian fanaticism asked her students to name the greatest man who ever walked the face of the earth. The one with the correct answer would win \$10.

"Christopher Columbus," answered a little Italian boy.

"St. Patrick," replied an Irish kid.

"I'm sorry, but you're both wrong," said the teacher.

Finally, a Jewish boy said, "Jesus Christ."

Shocked that the youth had given the correct answer, the teacher asked the boy to come up to her desk so he could explain his response. "Why did you pick Jesus Christ when you obviously don't believe in Him?" she inquired.

"Actually, I think Moses was the greatest man who ever walked the face of the earth," the Jewish boy replied smugly. "But after all, business is business."

The telephone rang at the executive offices of the NAACP, but since the receptionist was out to lunch, the treasurer had to answer the phone himself.

"Howdy there, boy," a voice on the other end drawled. "Put me through to yer head nigger!"

Enraged at this show of disrespect from the caller, the treasurer responded sharply, "What makes you think you can talk to me like that?"

"Listen, boy," the caller retorted, "I wanna contribute \$100,000 to yer cause, so y'all kin just put me through to yer head nigger!"

"Hold de line, boss," the treasurer replied. "I thinks I sees dat jigaboo comin' in de door right now!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *constipation* as: a log jam.

Frank had sat for nearly an hour on a bridge, waiting for a traffic jam to clear up, when he saw a kid on a bicycle coming his way. "Hey, kid, what's the trouble up there?"

"Some crazy guy has soaked himself with gasoline and is threatening to set himself on fire! I'm taking up a collection for him. Want to donate?"

"Sure. How much have you collected so far?"

"Oh, six books of matches and 19 lighters."

A drunk stumbled sadly into a bar and plopped down on a stool. Noticing his dejection, the bartender asked what the problem was.

"I just did a terrible thing," the drunk lamented. "I gave my wife to another man for a cheap bottle of wine."

"That's a shame," the bartender said. "I suppose you want her back now?"

"Yeah."

"Because you realize you love her, right?"

"Hell, no!" cried the drunk. "I want her back 'cause I'm thirsty again!"

A Puerto Rican and a white guy were standing on a tenebrent rooftop. The white turned to the Puerto Rican and

said, "The updrafts on the side of this building are phenomenal. Watch!" The white guy jumped off the side of the building, fell to within three feet of the sidewalk and floated back up to the top of the building, landing on his feet.

The Puerto Rican was so impressed that he decided to try it. He took a flying leap off the side of the building, and a few seconds later splattered all over the sidewalk below. A man watching from across the street shook his head and muttered, "Damn, that Clark Kent sure hates Puerto Ricans."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *sex* as: a misdemeanor; de more you miss it, de meaner you get.

A lady went to her doctor for a complete physical examination. Afterward the doctor said, "I've got some good news for you and your husband."

"But I don't have a husband," answered the young woman.

"Well, then, in that case I've got some *bad* news for you," said the doctor. "You're pregnant."

"That's impossible!" exclaimed the woman. "I've been dating one man for a year, and he's never laid a hand on me! He's never even kissed me good-night!"

Suddenly the doctor jumped up, grabbed a pair of binoculars out of his desk drawer and ran to the window.

"What the hell are you doing?" the woman asked.

"The last time this happened, three Wise Men came from the East, and this time I'm going to make *damn* sure I don't miss them!"

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$25. Sorry, we can't return submissions.

## HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think  
that's funny...



# CHESTER & HESTER

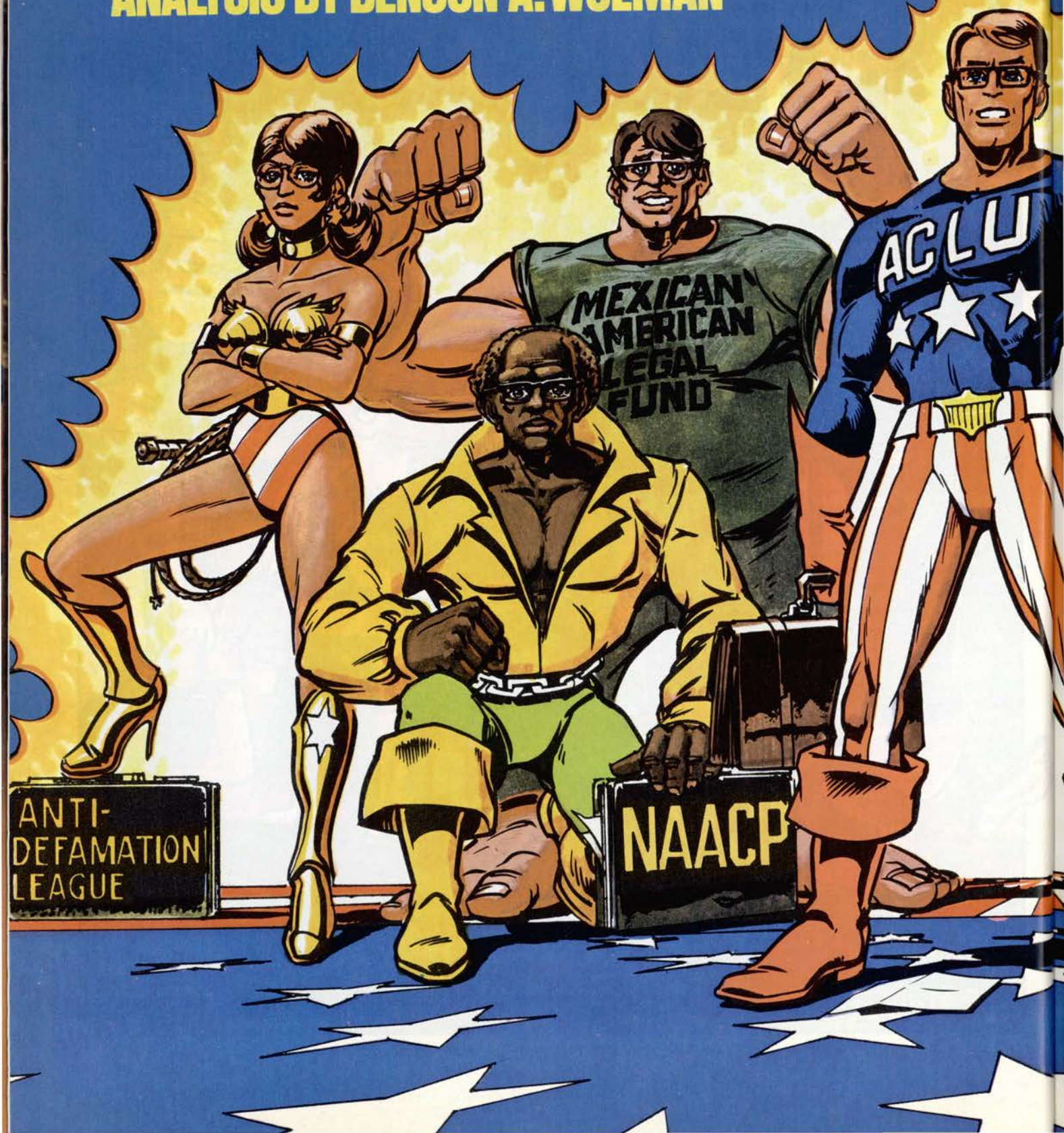


"Gee, I hope they're friendly . . . real friendly."



# DEFENDERS OF

ANALYSIS BY BENSON A. WOLMAN





# OUR FREEDOMS

Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom! To some that is merely a cliché. But to several groups of dedicated freedom-fighters eternal vigilance is a way of life. In this analysis Benson A. Wolman, prominent civil-liberties activist and executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Ohio, explores the loosely





*affiliated network of organizations that are eternally vigilant about your freedoms.*

The American motto *E pluribus unum*—Out of many, one—reflects both the nationhood of the 50 states and the concept of the melting pot of our people. But within this concept of oneness there is the recognition that the purpose of our union is to protect and advance the liberties of each individual. Thus, within our society a number of organizations have arisen to become Defenders of Our Freedoms in America.

Some of these groups, such as the American Civil Liberties Union and Amnesty International, defend a broad range of civil liberties and freedoms. Others—including the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund and the American Indian Movement—specialize in the rights of those classified as “nonwhite” minorities. Still others have arisen to protect religious minorities—a triad of Jewish organizations, for example. And, finally, the National Organization for Women is fighting for the rights of women, who have suffered the historic deprivations usually associated with minorities.

No other nation can match the high level of liberties we enjoy—and that is

so partly because of these Defenders of Our Freedoms. For each of the groups covered here has recognized that the Bill of Rights is not self-executing and that the liberties proclaimed therein must be claimed and reclaimed in every generation and every season.

### CIVIL LIBERTIES

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is one of the nation's oldest and largest organizations dedicated to the preservation and advancement of Constitutional rights for all people. Founded in 1920 by pacifist Roger Baldwin (who still remains active at 95) and such prominent people as Jane Addams and Helen Keller, the ACLU prides itself on doing something to offend everyone.

With a largely white upper-middle-class membership of nearly 200,000, affiliates in 47 states and chapters in all sizable American cities, the Union vigorously defends the rights of even the most despised. Occasionally it will embark upon a course of action that becomes popular—calling for the impeachment of President Nixon, for example—but the ACLU seems uncomfortable with being in the mainstream.

“The Bill of Rights,” one leader explained, “was not really designed to protect the popular; they seldom need it. There is hardly anything as popular as a

lynch mob; there nearly everybody, save one person, is bent upon a common end—and, after a while, it becomes unanimous.”

Indeed, the ACLU eagerly defends the free-speech rights of American Nazis, Communists, Ku Klux Klan members, civil-rights activists, members of the John Birch Society and others without regard for the point of view expressed. Accused (by some of the more left-leaning members of the National Lawyers Guild) of helping Fascists, the ACLU counters that, with the help of the United Methodist Church, it waged a successful nine-year and hundreds-of-thousands-of-dollars struggle to vindicate the rights of antiwar demonstrators at Kent State University.

The much-publicized effort of the Union to secure the rights of a handful of American Nazis to march through Skokie, Illinois, caused an uproar within the Jewish community, and the ACLU—which has a sizable Jewish membership (estimated at over 20 percent)—suffered somewhat in the wake. However, with the passage of time (and having drawn the support of a number of influential newspapers) the Union is finding that most of those who turned their backs have returned to the fold.

The most telling criticism of the ACLU may be that it is spread too thin, resulting in a substantial drain on its resources. The gross annual expenditures of the ACLU, its state affiliates and chapters and the associated ACLU Foundation is close to \$10 million.

But that sum covers litigation and lobbying concerning hundreds of issues: *for* the right to be a member of a cult; *against* state aid to sectarian schools; *for* the right of a woman to have an abortion; *against* teachers leading prayers in public schools; *for* the rights of adults to engage in sexual activities in private regardless of the partner's gender, the number of participants or the organs or orifices involved; *against* police brutality, but *for* the right of an accused officer to have full due process; *against* outrageous conditions in prisons, mental institutions and homes for the aging and those not of age; *for* the right of any adult to publish, circulate or read even the most gross, offensive and vile magazines and films; and on and on.

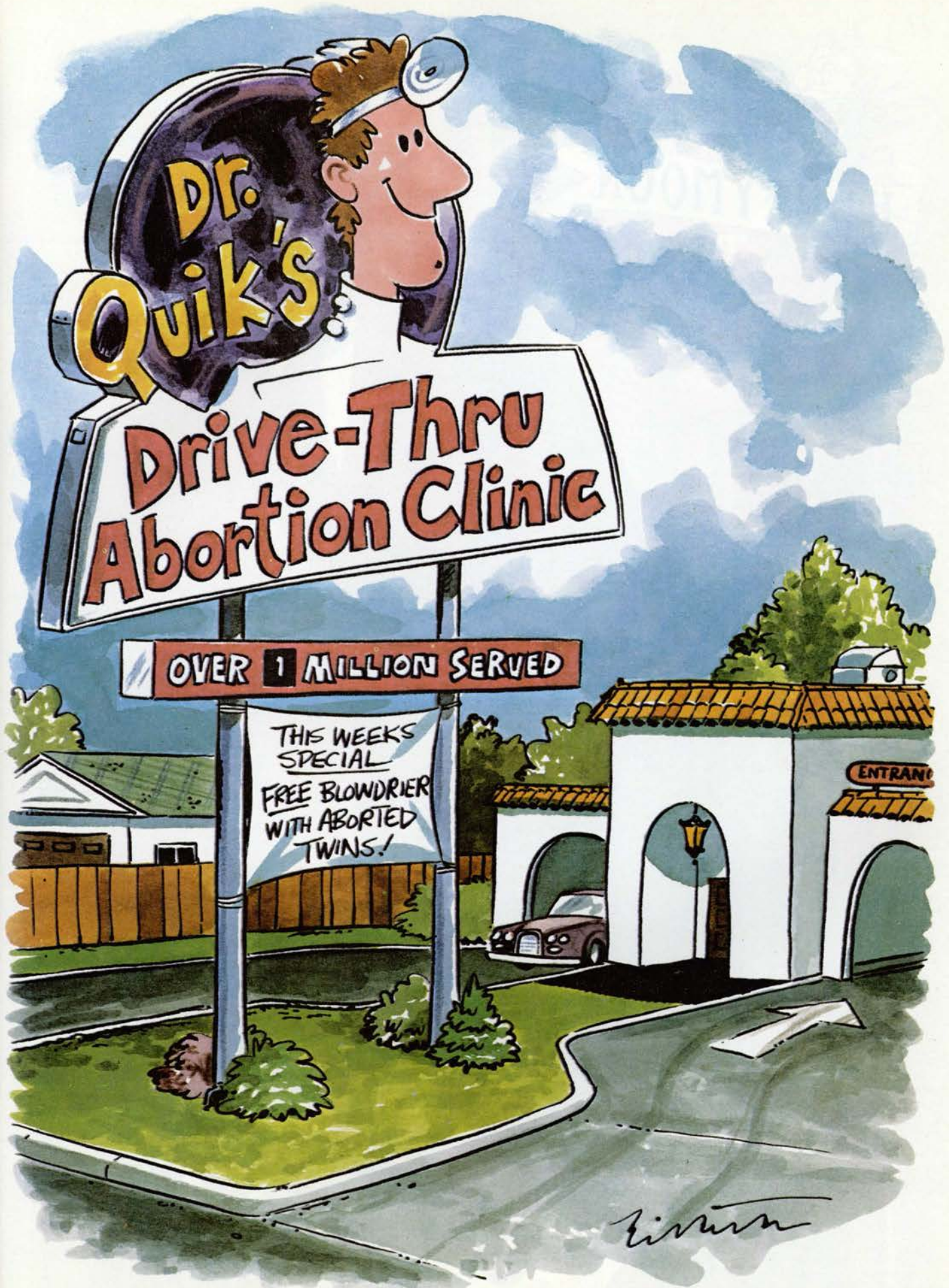
The ACLU seems to relish these battles, and its spokespersons enjoy confrontation. Recently, in an Ohio legislative hearing on obscenity, an assistant prosecutor—who had helped secure a prison sentence of from 7 to 25 years against Larry Flynt for obscenity and the “organized crime” of selling earlier

*(continued on page 92)*



“No, thank you, Charles. I don’t care to see the turd of the century.”









**JUST  
MARRIED**





Photography by Clive McLean





The best man has many duties: He stands in front of the preacher with the ring in his pocket; he makes sure the champagne is chilled; he makes sure that *everything* is just right . . . in this case, including the bride.

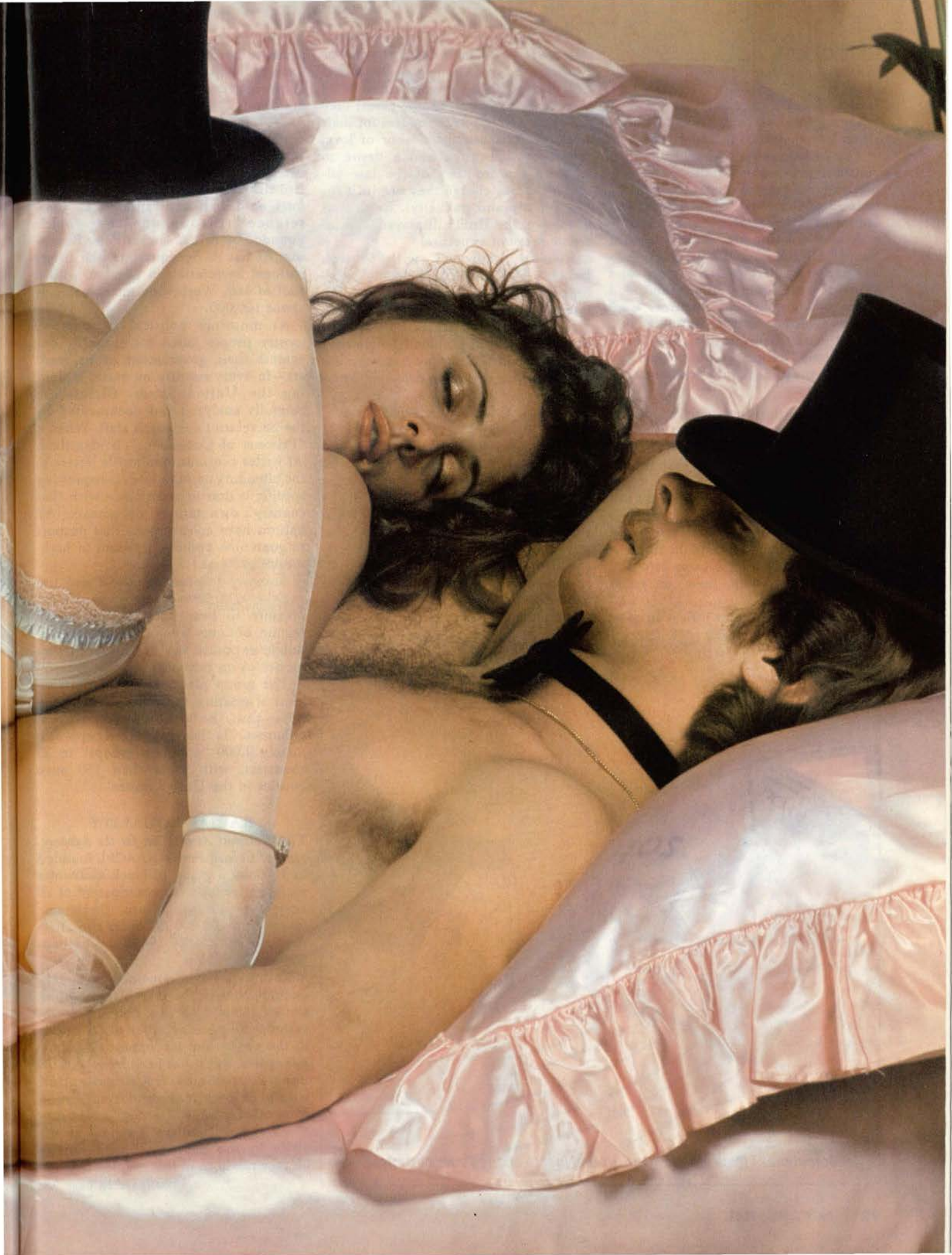














## DEFENDERS

(continued from page 84)

issues of *HUSTLER* Magazine—was bragging that “there are no adult-book stores anywhere in Cincinnati.”

The ACLU lobbyist who followed the assistant prosecutor to the stand sarcastically expressed pleasure that the citizens of Cincinnati could at least buy copies of *Peter Rabbit*, “but probably only after deleting Master Rabbit’s first name.” He then asked how many murderers, armed robbers, rapists and thieves were going unapprehended while substantial local resources were being diverted to the ferreting out, arrest and prosecution of those whose only “crime” is publishing and selling magazines to consenting adults.

The ACLU thus thrusts sexist materials into a category of Constitutionally protected ideas (to the dismay of many feminist groups), along with racist expressions (to the distress of other civil-rights organizations) and anti-Semitic speeches (to the chagrin of Jewish groups). Nevertheless, the Union will with equal vigor defend the rights of each of the offended groups too, and probably work with them on other issues.

The ACLU maintains offices in most

states; a few even have a staff attorney or two. But the real strength of the ACLU lies in its ability to get hundreds of volunteer lawyers to handle cases; they are permitted to receive no fees for their work, so it is usually a labor of love, fueled by dedication and a desire to work in the frontiers of the law (although critics charge they are in it for the ego trip and publicity). Regardless of motive, the Union displays a considerable array of expertise.

Recently, however, with Warren Burger’s Supreme Court “going sour” on many civil liberties, the ACLU has intensified its lobbying efforts in Congress and state legislatures to try to head off Constitutional problems before they get to the courts. In many states, for example, it is struggling to defeat or repeal death-penalty laws.

The ACLU is now under new leadership at the national level. Ira Glasser—a friendly sort whose organizational and persuasive genius has displaced most of his hair—took over the helm of the organization last fall. He replaced the somewhat more academic Aryeh Neier, who had wanted to resign earlier but stayed on lest the public erroneously construe that some shake-up was occurring because of the Skokie issue.

The state affiliates operate semi-autonomously; their policies are sup-

posed to be reasonably consistent with those of the national organization “so as to assure general unity without absolute uniformity.”

*Amnesty International* is a relatively young organization, but after less than two decades of work it earned the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize for its concerted efforts on behalf of “Prisoners of Conscience” throughout the world. Founded by British lawyer Peter Benenson, AI has its headquarters (the International Secretariat) in London, with a staff of 160. Worldwide membership is about 100,000.

AI monitors political prisoners—mostly people jailed for speaking out against their government or its leaders—in every country on earth, including the United States. Claims are carefully analyzed and documented by the Secretariat’s research staff. When a “Prisoner of Conscience” is identified, AI writes cautious, nonhostile letters to the offending nation’s leaders requesting specific action in accordance with that country’s own national documents. (All nations have constitutions that purport to guarantee political freedom in high-sounding terms.)

Amnesty International will also undertake efforts to bring international pressure to bear upon an oppressive regime, but only when the techniques of public exposure will not inflict further hardships on prisoners.

The group places a major effort behind alleviating the sense of hopelessness that befalls many political prisoners. It has organized approximately 2,000 “adoption groups” in 35 countries, with more than 150 such entities in the United States.

## RACIAL EQUALITY

The *National Association for the Advancement of Colored People* (NAACP), founded in 1909 by a group of black and white social activists, is the grandparent of all current civil-rights groups, the largest (exceeding 500,000 members and striving for a million by 1980) and perhaps the most troubled.

Its goals have remained relatively unchanged over the years—the elimination of racial discrimination and segregation, plus access to the ballot, justice in the courts and job opportunities for minorities. But it has been beset with financial problems, fractionalization within its own ranks and competition from other groups.

Viewed as “militant” as late as the 1950s by the leading college textbook on race relations in that era, the NAACP

(continued on page 98)







DUANE TINSLEY.



# WHAT A WAY

## Humor by William M. Bryson

Face it. One of these days it's going to happen. You'll be walking down the street when all of a sudden you'll get hit by a bus or contract Lassa fever, and the next thing you know you'll have joined the 75 billion other people who have kicked the bucket since time began. Death is not all that remarkable—every minute around the world another 101 people say, "Oh, shit," and expire—and when it comes, it's usually in the form of some unimaginative malady like cancer, heart disease, stroke or clogged arteries.

But there is a small group of people for whom a heart attack or a simple cerebral hemorrhage just isn't good enough—the man who falls into the chocolate vat and is never seen again, the mechanic who is inhaled by a jet engine, the farm woman hanging out her wash who is conked on the head by a chunk of frozen offal jet-tisoned from a passing airplane. Rather blithely, these deaths are attributed to "other causes."

Here then are actual accounts of some leading members of this "Others' Club." These people may not always have done much with their lives, but they all signed out with a flourish.



On June 30, 1976, Woodrow W. Creekmore, 59, was driving down the highway near his hometown of Chickasha, Oklahoma, when a tie rod on his car broke, sending the vehicle into a telephone pole. Fortunately, Creekmore wasn't hurt. Unfortunately, as he was standing by the car, discussing the accident with a policeman, the pole keeled over, striking Creekmore on the head and killing him.

diably—she erupted in flames. No reasonable explanation for her fatal outburst has ever been put forward.

✱ ✱ ✱  
Sometime in the evening of July 1, 1951, Mrs. Mary Reeser of St. Petersburg, Florida, burst into flames and burned up in her bedroom. No one knows quite why. All that remained of Mrs. Reeser when she was found in the morning was a small pile of smoldering ash and one very shrunken skull. Experts estimated that it would have taken a fire of 3,000 degrees to so thoroughly carbonize the woman.

"Never have I seen a skull so shrunken nor a body so completely consumed by heat," said anthropologist Wilton Korgman, who added, rather fatuously, "This is contrary to normal experience."

Mrs. Reeser was not struck by lightning. Nor did she douse herself with flammable liquids, accidentally or otherwise, or come in contact with an electrical source. So much for what didn't happen to her—still no one knows what *did*. And at this late date it's not likely anyone ever will.



William Killian, 31, a Frontier Airlines employee in Denver, was fatally shot by a duffel bag. The bag, it turned out, contained a revolver, which discharged as Killian was moving it. No charges were filed against the bag or its owner.

✱ ✱ ✱  
When mystery writer Jack Drummond became stuck over a plot, he decided to pretend to rob a bank. Wearing a wig, Drummond entered the bank in Columbus, Ohio, pulled out a toy gun and was promptly shot dead by a security guard.



A remarkable case of spontaneous human combustion came in 1938, when Miss Phyllis Newcombe was waltzing with her fiancé at an English dance hall. Suddenly—and irreme-



# TO GO!

When Jovo Lucic was jilted by his girlfriend in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, he decided to kill himself. He stole a car, intending to crash it into a tree, but it broke down. He stole another, but it was too slow and Jovo barely dented a fender.

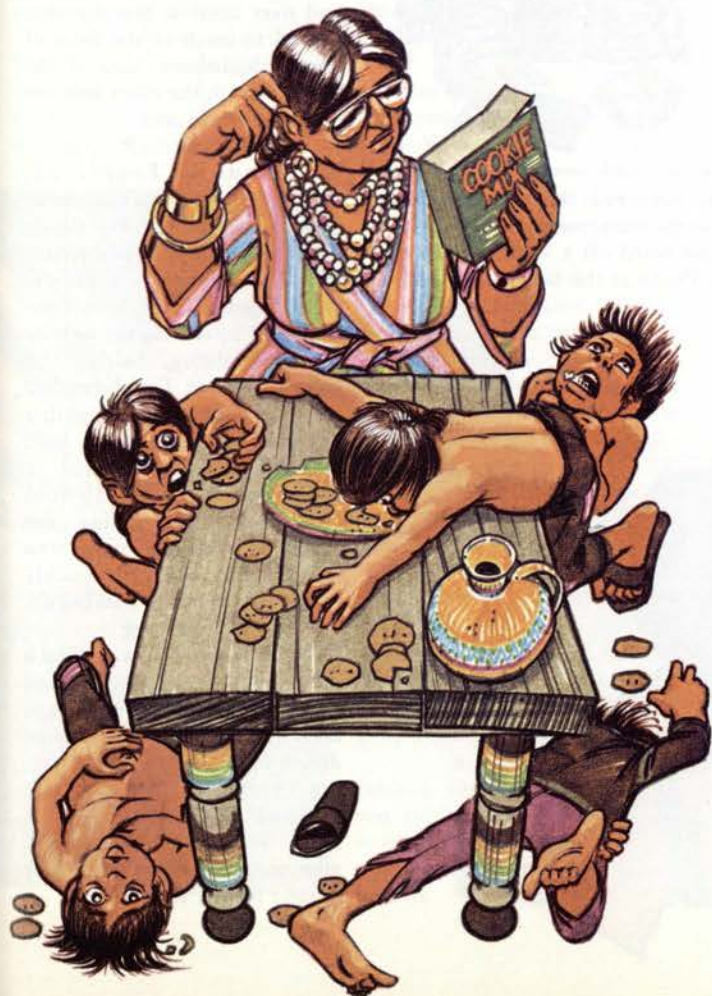
Police caught Lucic and charged him with car theft. While being questioned, he plunged a dagger into his chest. Only quick action by the ar-

resting officers saved his life. When Lucic recovered, he was sentenced to a year in jail. On the way to his cell he dove through a window to the road 25 feet below—where a snow-drift broke his fall.

At last report the despairing Yugoslav still had not made the Others' Club. But as the judge said in suspending sentence, "Surely fate still has something in store for him."

In 1971 Catalina Ledesma fed small cakes to her five children in their home in rural Peru. Within an hour four of the children were dead. Local authorities said an insecticide had apparently gotten mixed in with the sugar used to make the cakes, so the remaining sugar was destroyed.

Five days later, when grieving relatives gathered at the home to mourn, Mrs. Ledesma served them a meal, which included more cakes. An hour later another seven people were dead, including Mrs. Ledesma. Police discovered that the poisoned ingredient used to make the cakes had been the flour, not the sugar.



William G. Hall, an Englishman, killed himself by drilling into his head *eight times* with an electric power drill.

At the opening of England's Liverpool-to-Manchester railway in 1830, William Huskisson, a Member of Parliament, got so excited that he stepped in front of the train and very quickly became history's first railway fatality.



Othello Federici, a prosperous grocer in Paris, was jailed for two years for stabbing his wife to death with a wedge of parmesan cheese.



On September 23, 1880, Judge August Peck and a companion were on their way to see a mutual friend, David Lang, on his farm in Tennessee. As the buggy neared the farm, Peck spotted Lang crossing a field and was just about to call out to him when—to the presumed amazement of both visitors—Lang vanished before their eyes. Thinking that Lang might have fallen into a hole, the two men and Lang's wife—who had also witnessed the strange occurrence—rushed to the spot where Lang had disappeared. But they found no hole, nor even any sign that Lang had

been in the vicinity. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Lang became hysterical. Her husband was never seen again, although a year later faint cries for help could be heard around the spot.



General Pablo Castiliano, a Nicaraguan rebel, was in his tent one night in 1907 plotting the next-day's campaign when a massive meteorite screamed down from the sky and decisively obliterated him, his tent and his dreams of conquest.





After learning that her husband had been unfaithful, Vera Cermak of Prague, Czechoslovakia, jumped out of a third-story window in despair. As luck would have it, her husband was coming up the front walk, and Mrs. Cermak landed on him. She suffered minor injuries, but her husband joined the Others' Club.

Sharon Payne, 19, of Los Angeles, was talking to her despondent friend, David Falconrie, 23, when the latter suddenly pulled out a gun and placed it to his head. Before Miss Payne could

react, Falconrie squeezed the trigger, killing himself. The bullet, after passing through the man's head, ricocheted off a water heater and eliminated Miss Payne in the bargain.



During a snowstorm in Chicago a man who had shoveled away enough snow to uncover a parking space returned with his car to find a woman had taken the spot while he was away. He shot her dead.

In Bellaria, Italy, one man decided to end it all through self-immolation. But after setting himself afire he seemed to have second thoughts. He died falling off a cliff while trying to beat out the flames.

England's King George II died on a toilet, of heart failure brought on by a chronic case of constipation.



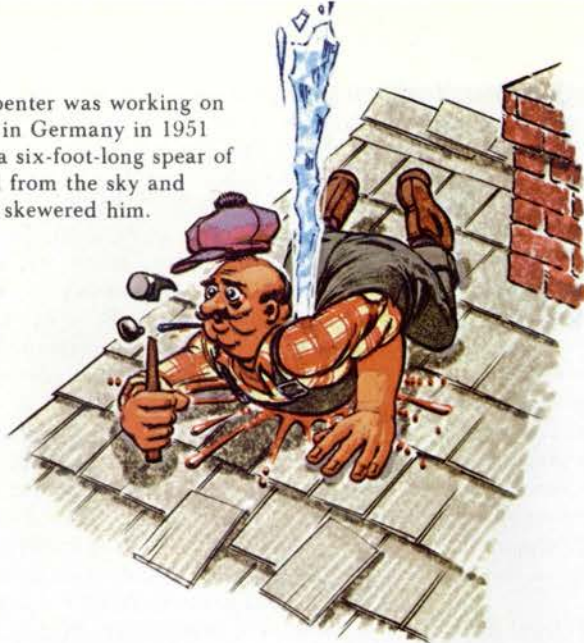
In 1935 five glider pilots were flying over the Rhine Valley in Germany when they were suddenly caught in the strong updraft of a towering storm cloud. Fearing their gliders would be shaken to pieces, all five bailed out with parachutes. Almost instantly they were shot several hundred feet upward by the air currents. As the updraft faded, the men began falling—until caught by still another updraft. This was repeated over and over until at last the men drifted to earth in the form of human hailstones. One of the five survived; the other four are commemorated here.

Raymond R. Foard, 28, returned home to his apartment building in Suitland, Maryland, one evening in 1977 to discover that he was locked out. He decided to enter his seventh-floor residence by scaling the outside of the building, balcony by balcony. When Foard reached the fifth floor, a woman sitting on her balcony heard loud breathing and proceeded to back away. When Foard's head popped over the railing, she screamed, startling Foard, who lost his grip and very quickly ended up where he had begun.

In Bermuda in 1975 a man on a motor scooter was knocked down and killed by a taxi. Exactly a year earlier the same driver in the same taxi, carrying the same passenger, had knocked down and killed the motor scooter rider's brother, who had been riding the same scooter on the same street.



A carpenter was working on a roof in Germany in 1951 when a six-foot-long spear of ice fell from the sky and neatly skewered him.



In 1918 in Flanders, Belgium, a Major Summerford was struck by lightning and invalidated out of the Canadian Army. Six years later he was fishing in Vancouver when lightning struck him again, paralyzing his right side. Within two years he had recovered sufficiently to be taking a walk through a local park when—you guessed it—he was struck again. This time he was paralyzed for good and, after lingering for two years, died of his injuries.

There is a brief postscript: In 1934, during a thunderstorm, lightning shattered a tombstone at a Vancouver cemetery. It was Major Summerford's.



Another good news/bad news death was that of John Stratton of Oxbridge, England. Despondent because his wife had left him, Stratton decided to end it all. He sealed all the doors and windows of his home and turned on the oven. However, nothing happened. What Stratton had forgotten was that his home was supplied with North Sea gas, which isn't toxic. Recognizing his mistake, Stratton apparently decided to think things over. So he lit a cigar and blew himself up.

Charles Phillips was looking at his newborn son in Brewster, New York, in 1976 when he became so excited that he fainted. As he fell, he struck his head. He never regained consciousness.

On New Year's Day 1963 in Sydney, Australia, the bodies of Dr. Stanley Bogle, the country's top research physicist, and his girlfriend were found in a lovers' lane. Both were partially undressed, but covered with newspapers. In the intervening years the local police, the FBI and Interpol have all been unable to determine why the two were killed, who killed them or even *how* they were killed—reportedly the only case in modern times in which all three of these essential questions have gone unanswered.

Isadora Duncan, the dancer, was riding in a car when her long scarf became entangled in a rear wheel, and her neck was broken.

When Carol Hargis of San Diego, California, grew tired of her husband, she put a massive dose of LSD on his toast. When that had little effect, she served him a blackberry pie containing the venom sac of a tarantula spider, sabotaged his truck with a rudimentary bomb, placed a live electric wire in his shower, injected air into his veins with a hypodermic needle while he was sleeping and dropped tranquilizers into his beer. When none of these approaches worked, she at last achieved the desired result by hitting him over the head with a steel weight. She was sentenced to life in prison.



If you're a pessimist, you will probably bemoan the demise of these characters because you don't appreciate the unique charm of their unusual deaths. But, then, you're also the type of person who looks at a half-full mug of beer and says that it's half-empty. On the other hand, if you're an optimist, you'll no doubt agree that, sure, it's a pity these folks had to go, but at least their exits had style, character and, above all, originality. Ultimately, though, no matter how you feel, you've got to admit that sooner or later you'll take your final bow, and when it comes, simply hope that you're lucky enough to become a full-fledged member of the Others' Club.



## DEFENDERS

(continued from page 92)

was cast in a more moderate light with the advent of the direct-action-oriented *Congress of Racial Equality* (CORE), the *Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee* (SNCC) and, most notably, the *Southern Christian Leadership Conference* (SCLC), founded and directed by the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.

Activists drifted toward all three groups, and the charismatic King became the symbol of and central figure in the civil-rights movement. At the same time, many blacks interested in the more immediate goals of promoting jobs and education gave their support to the moderate, low-key *National Urban League*.

Today CORE is involved in its own deep divisions, SNCC has fallen by the wayside in an era of moderation, becoming the *Student National Coordinating Committee*, and the SCLC has never recovered from the assassination of Dr. King. The Reverend Jesse Jackson (of *Operation PUSH—People United to Save Humanity*), Georgia legislator Julian Bond and comedian and social critic Dick Gregory (interviewed in *HUSTLER*, June) are the charismatic figures on the national scene.

But polls of black people indicate that

the organization with which most identify is the NAACP. However, the public at large does not distinguish between the NAACP and the *NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc.* The latter is a tax-deductible charitable foundation that shares the same initials with, but since the late '50s has been entirely independent from, the parent organization.

Operating with a wholly separate board of directors, the Fund pursued most of the early desegregation cases in the South, continues to play some (but not the leading) role in cases elsewhere in the country and has taken on the role of being the primary group to litigate against the death penalty in the United States.

The NAACP has 1,800 local branches throughout the country. Its longtime, respected Washington lobbyist Clarence Mitchell addresses major economic and social issues, such as full employment and affirmative-action legislation. In addition, its local leaders are the first to organize community sentiment on issues of alleged "police brutality" and harassment of blacks by other public officials.

Sometimes the issues are symbolic—such as recent efforts, including litigation, designed to force the Sambo's restaurant chain to change its name, which is viewed by many blacks as

racist—but most often they relate to the more direct, everyday forms of overt and covert racism.

Affirmative action has become a major concern of the NAACP within the last decade. To remedy *de facto* segregation in the North, teams of lawyers under the expert leadership of General Counsel Nathaniel R. Jones have chalked up a long (though not unbroken) chain of court victories in city after city.

In some cases this has meant "busing"—a technique reviled in many white communities and one that is controversial even among blacks. However, the advent of the Burger Court has chilled such affirmative-action techniques, and gains in court are harder to achieve. The NAACP is also committed to other forms of "numerical remedies," such as quota systems to correct past discrimination in employment and education—but these are under assault from former, and still frequent, allies like the Anti-Defamation League.

The NAACP recognizes, more than many other organizations devoted to racial equality, that its goals will have to be achieved with the help of other, predominantly white, groups engaged in defending our freedoms. In a recent address to the National Board of the American Civil Liberties Union, intended to persuade the ACLU to adopt a more aggressive affirmative-action policy, NAACP Assistant National Director Mike Meyers warned that "the clearest and most-present danger to our democratic society is that Americans will not redress racial inequality."

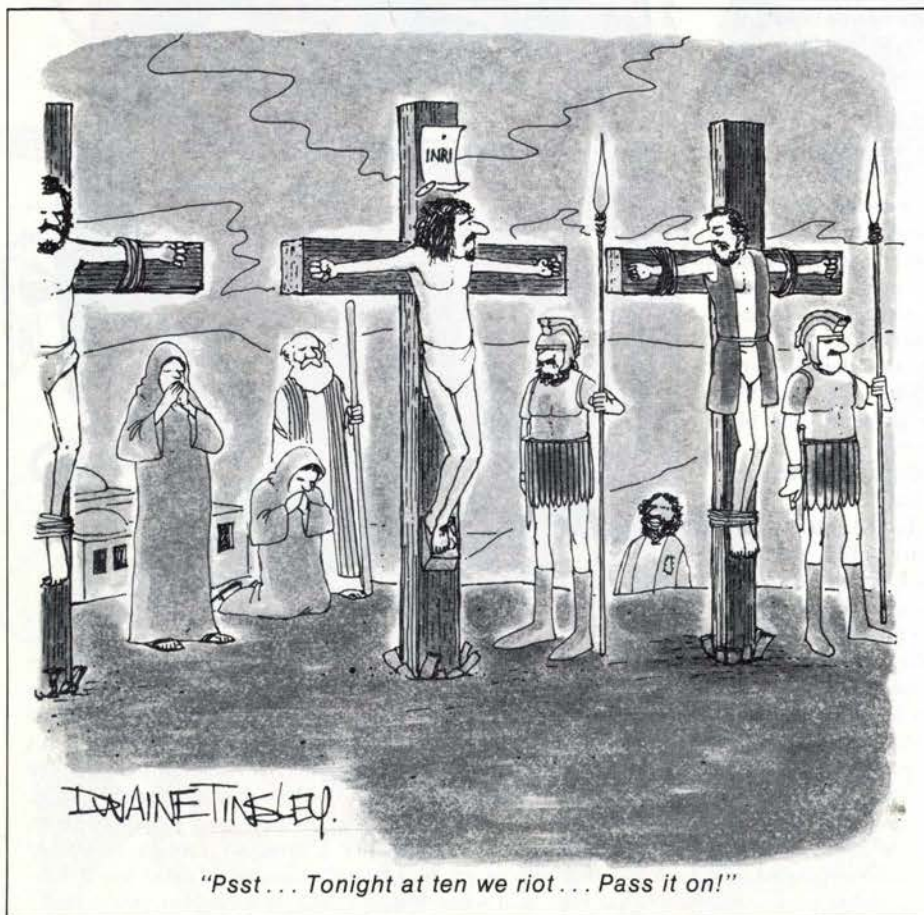
The concern reflected in his message is twofold—that Americans do not sufficiently appreciate the value of equality and that, even among those who do, the demand for equality for blacks may be diluted by competing claims from other racial, ethnic and cultural minorities, as well as women.

There are some smaller organizations devoted to securing the civil rights of other minorities.

The *Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund* (MALDEF) was founded in 1968 with the help of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund's Jack Greenberg. Headquartered in San Francisco (it moved there from San Antonio in 1971) and headed by Vilma Martinez, MALDEF has an annual funding exceeding \$1 million.

The Fund has made major inroads through class-action suits dealing with Latinos in the Southwest, linguistic issues, discrimination in employment

(continued on page 132)



"Psst... Tonight at ten we riot... Pass it on!"





"Still won't talk? Igor, wipe some more boogers on her."





Illustration by Dan Kirk





# BETWEEN SEASONS

## FICTION BY ED GERDES

Alma Anderson heard the old car stop outside the house trailer; Clarence was back from the store. Glancing out the dirty kitchen window she saw his stooped frame emerging stiffly from the car. Clarence looked older.

She saw the grim set of his mouth, the thrust of his prominent jaw with the two-day growth of whiskers nearly as gray as the shaggy hair under his grease-stained cap. His face was very red, as



it always got when he'd been hitting the wine jug.

Clarence bent back into the front seat of the old car and lifted out a paper sack. There would be a half-gallon of dark Burgundy wine, a one-pound can of Prince Albert, ten books of gummed-edge cigarette papers, a carton of book matches and a pint of sloe gin for Alma. The purchases of wine and gin had become a daily ritual.

Alma could see and smell the blue cloud of oily smoke drifting about their old car. Clarence shuffled toward the trailer. His blue-denim clothes were stained with grease and dirt, and the knees of his bib overalls were baggy and had green stains from the lawns he'd mowed, hedges he'd trimmed and weeds he'd pulled to earn extra money for the wine, sloe gin and tobacco.

Alma sat before the rickety table still littered with egg-stained dishes from breakfast. She watched Clarence blow his nose in that disgusting way she disliked. He placed the ball of his thumb against one side of his nose, blew, then did the same with the other nostril. His nose was bulbous, and the blue veins turned red after he had consumed a couple of long belts of wine. Tufts of gray hair protruded from his large ears. And his pale gray eyes, their whites road-map red, watered profusely. There were

puffy blue shadows under his eyes, the skin chapped from his constant wiping away of water with the sleeve of his jacket, as he did now.

Clarence opened the rusty, rain-stained lid of their mailbox. Alma saw him pull out the long brown envelopes containing their welfare checks. The mailbox lid squeaked and rattled shut. She heard the creak of the spring on the screendoor and felt the chill air of the morning on her back as Clarence came into the trailer. He set the sack on the table beside the electric frying pan. Removing his coat and cap, he hung them on a nail near the door.

Alma seized the sloe gin from the paper sack. She poured a double shot into the coffee-stained cup. Then she took a book of cigarette papers, opened the tin of Prince Albert and expertly fashioned two cigarettes. She held one smoke out to Clarence as he sat opposite her before the small table. They each lighted their own smokes with the paper matches. Clarence pulled the Burgundy out of the sack. As he tipped the wine bottle and drank, Alma watched his larynx bobble like a pingpong ball. The dark wine spilled from his mouth, staining his shirt. He belched loudly, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and took a deep drag from the roll-your-own.

Alma watched the clouds of blue

smoke float about her soiled kitchen. Clarence scratched the whiskers under his chin. The sound made Alma's skin tighten.

"Checks come," said Clarence, nodding at the brown envelopes.

Alma looked at the envelopes. They lay in a spot of grease on the table. The stain slowly spread as the bacon grease saturated the envelopes. Alma opened them and withdrew the bluish-green welfare checks. She held one check in each of her pale hands. "We got three-hundred and twenty dollars," she said. "Twenty more dollars this month."

"That's the raise we was supposed to get two months ago," said Clarence.

Alma got up, walked to the recipe-holder above the small gas stove and took down a stubby wooden pencil and a pad of paper. She shoved some dirty dishes aside, ignoring the fork that fell to the floor. She began jotting down figures on the paper.

"Let's see—one-hundred and sixty for rent, forty for ninety-six dollars' worth of food stamps. Fifty for insurance due this month. Thirty for the car. Ten for your lawn mower—that leaves us thirty dollars cash, Clarence."

"Shit!"

"What's the matter?" asked Alma.

"License plates cost thirty-six dollars and seventy-five cents. And we're already late gettin' 'em. That means payin' a five-dollar penalty."

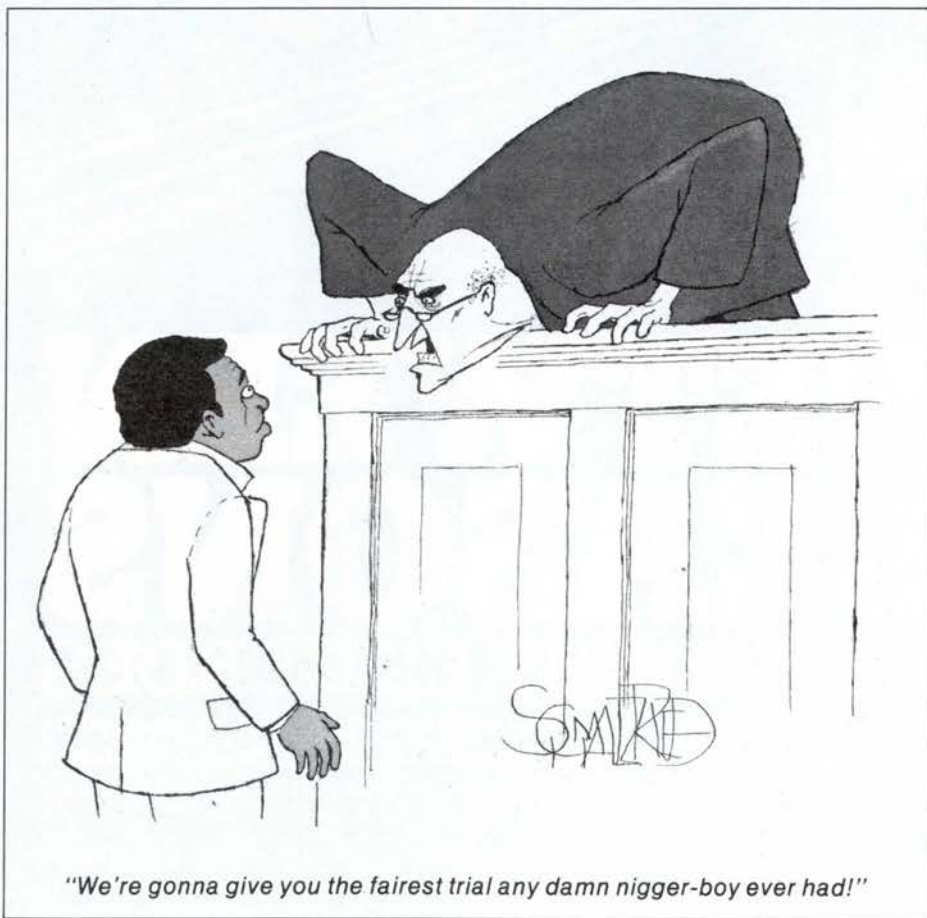
"Well . . . let's see . . . that's . . . eleven dollars and seventy-five cents altogether."

"And just where in hell am I gonna get eleven dollars and seventy-five cents, woman?" Clarence snuffed his smoke in the grease of a plate.

Alma took a drink of sloe gin. Laying the pencil on the paper, she said, "Well, honey . . . that's only two small lawn jobs. Maybe only one job if it's a big lawn. You can—"

"Dammit, woman, it's near winter. They ain't any more lawns to mow, weeds to pull or hedges to trim. We're fucked!" His hands shaking, he rolled another smoke. The thin cigarette paper tore, spilling the tobacco on the table. "Dammit!" he shouted. "I can't even roll a fuckin' smoke."

"Stop that cussin'! Here, gimme the makin's. I'll roll it for you. No sense gettin' all shook up over it." Alma wasn't sure if it was the lack of money for the license plates or the wine-drinking that made her husband shake. She braced herself for the rage she knew to be coming. Every check day he got all worked up over the little money they had to live on. Lately, the more they needed the more he drank.



"We're gonna give you the fairest trial any damn nigger-boy ever had!"



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Handing him the cigarette, Alma patted his hand. "Take it easy now. Have another drink, and we'll figure something out." Pouring herself another drink, she looked at the red sloe gin in her cup. Softly she said, "We're both drinkin' too much."

"Now don't start on me about booze!" yelled Clarence. "Dammit, Alma, we're nearly 60 years old. Too old to get a good job, too young to get an old-age pension. It's the shits."

Alma noticed he didn't mention the Social Security benefits they couldn't get. At least Clarence couldn't get them, because 22 of his 55 years had been spent in prison for bank robberies. She hadn't filed for her Social Security because she knew it hurt Clarence to be ineligible for similar benefits. Ex-cons, Alma came to learn, got very little of anything—especially if they'd been locked up as long as Clarence had.

"I can get some money by takin' care of some of the neighbors' kids while they work," Alma suggested plaintively.

"Hell, no! You know how nervous you get around them damn kids. Screamin' 'n' bawlin' all the time. Changin' their shitty diapers and all. Hell with that!"

Alma didn't say anything. Really, it was Clarence's false pride that rankled her. In their younger days he'd always

given her nice things. Furs, luxury apartments, and they'd always gone to the best places. They'd traveled first-class, driving new cars. They loved driving in cars, their favorite recreation, even today.

Twenty-three years before, Clarence got shot all to hell. Alma saw the bullet-riddled car afterward. He'd tried to crash through a roadblock after a bank robbery in west-central Iowa. Alma had taken a bus to be with him in the prison ward of the hospital. Clarence nearly died. Alma felt he nearly died because of the depression rather than the severe wounds. They had given him a life sentence. They were angry because they thought Clarence had hidden money from some of the other robberies. He had. But he never told them, and they never recovered the money. He told them he'd lost it gambling. The hidden money had provided a decent living for Alma for many years until it ran out.

The governor finally commuted Clarence's life sentence to 75 years, making him eligible for parole. But this last year had been very difficult for them. Clarence, an ex-con on parole, couldn't obtain a job paying a living wage. And he hated doing lawn work. Finally a lawyer got them on welfare. It paid for the rent and groceries, and they were eligible for food stamps.

An old widow had sold Clarence her dead husband's car. They made a deal where Clarence paid her \$30 a month. Financing or obtaining a loan was out of the question. Ex-cons on parole are not good financial risks. He'd gotten the lawn mower the same way from another person whose lawn he mowed regularly. Because of Clarence's ex-con status, Alma got the car's title and insurance in her name. Clarence would have had to pay \$90 every three months because he was an ex-convict.

Now they were caught between seasons—too late to mow lawns, too early to shovel snow.

Watching him now, Alma looked for words to solace his obvious dejection. The gray hair on his head once grew abundantly. Now it thinned out more each passing year. If, as Alma thought, the hairs on his head were counted, the longevity of his remaining years were fast fading. Secretly, she'd hoped they would be able to live comfortably, having a reasonable degree of happiness. Although impoverished, they did have freedom in a sense. But not in the sense she knew that Clarence sought as he'd written in his lonely letters from prison.

She waited patiently for him to repeat his usual tirade of frustrations that occurred on check days. She rolled him another smoke.

Taking the cigarette, he said, "Dammit, girl. How come I always feel like I got anchors in my ass?"

"It's not the old days anymore," Alma said. "Time changes things, honey. It changes the world, people and the things that people do."

"Yeah, sure, I can understand that. But for Christ's sake, is this all there's gonna be for us? This fucked-up trailer? A beat-up old car with the engine shot? Never any money? Where's all this good stuff in freedom we always wrote about, Alma? Just bein' together. And goin' for rides evenin's, havin' a few drinks and a good meal in a nice restaurant. When's the last time we went for a nice quiet little ride and ate in a nice place? Like we said we's gonna do when I got out?"

"They don't take food stamps in restaurants, Clarence." Instantly, Alma regretted saying it.

Clarence slammed his huge fist on the tabletop. A cup and saucer crashed to the floor. Viciously, he kicked away the broken pieces. His foot crushing the broken porcelain, he said, "Jesus... oh, Jesus..."

Emotion verging on despair in his tone, he continued, "All I want is to feel right 'bout things, to feel like a man, not like some damned trapped animal."

(continued on page 110)



Polish Budget Hint



# Beaver Hunt

Is inflation getting you down? We're helping to ease your financial crunch by offering 50 smackers for every photo we publish in *Beaver Hunt*. So get out your camera and start shooting. We're still looking for pictures of gals, guys and couples, and we're anxious to get your \$50 check in the mail to you. HUSTLER also pays professional models' rates if we select you or your favorite Beaver for an

extended photo-feature. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send all entries—male, female or couple—to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 110 (or a facsimile), and please fill out all the spaces legibly so we'll know where to send the 50 dollars.

Photo by Husband



Twenty-five-year-old Angel is an Ohio housewife who gives her clean-shaven pussy a good workout every week at the health spa. Her husband has given his consent to her fantasy—to take on two or three young studs in an X-rated movie.

Photo by Al Chim



M. M. is from Reno, Nevada, and one of her two sexual fantasies has already come true—to appear in HUSTLER. This 21-year-old secretary also wants to be a HUSTLER centerfold, and we say she is an odds-on favorite.



Photo by Les Lewis



South American student Gloria Cardenas makes her home in Barranquilla, Colombia. She's 18 years old and likes to play the guitar and swim. Her fantasy is "to be raped by a strong man with a strong cock."

Jane Lewis is 20 and lives in Upland, California. She yearns to ride a ski lift naked while "being screwed by the instructor."

Photo by Ted Powder



Photo by Samuel Orozco



Tameka Nicole, 21, hails from Clearwater, Florida, and has a yen to be "used as a slave." She trains guard dogs professionally and practices target-shooting in her spare time, so her "master" had better be prepared!



Photo by Christine



An entertainer from Dover, Delaware, 23-year-old Brandy Benton enjoys fashion-designing and motorcycling. Her fantasy is to get it on with another couple on a beach.



Photo by Chas Miller



Two-year-old Buffie is a full-time bitch and part-time jogger from Macon, Georgia. Now that she's shown pink in HUSTLER, Buffie can concentrate on fulfilling her other fantasy—making it with Benji.

Photo by E. C. Jones



Photo by Hugh Johnson



Nineteen-year-old Alexa Work is a topless dancer from Seattle, Washington. When she's not playing a mean electric bass, she hankers for "being tied up and getting the hell raped out of me."

"Tokyo Rose," 23, is a restaurant manager from Wilmington, North Carolina, who likes dancing and martial arts. She dreams of being a "professional exhibitionist."

Photo by Don



Kitten, from Tulare, California, is a 25-year-old housewife and mother of two. Her hobby is sucking cock, and she dreams of having her husband jack off while she swallows every drop of another guy's cum.

Photo by Rocky





# One for the Ladies

Photo by Pat Cano



"I've tried to live out all my fantasies," says enterprising Stefanie Ackerman, from Paso Robles, California. This 23-year-old singer enjoys tennis, chess and threesomes.

R. T. Nevins is a 34-year-old salesman from Tucson, Arizona. He likes fast cars and enjoys "plenty of sex with fellow Sagittarians."



Photo by Randy Ackerman



Sports rate high with Terry Weaver, a 20-year-old student from Baltimore, Maryland. She loves going to baseball games, where she fantasizes about "balling the entire team deep in center field."

Photo by Dick Rehling





## BETWEEN SEASONS

(continued from page 104)

"Look at us, Alma. Just look at us. Is this what it's come to—poverty—welfare? Mowin' lawns, feelin' bad all the time an' not gettin' anywheres? Drinkin' piss for booze, and smokin' shit for tobacco? Bein' afraid all the time? Afraid of not havin' work, no money, afraid of the parole officer 'n' the law?" Clarence's spare frame shook.

"Honey," Alma said. "It ain't gonna help us gettin' riled up like this."

She reached for his hand across the cluttered table. "Clarence, honey, look at me—please look at me a minute."

He lifted his large head. Alma looked

into his gray eyes. Inwardly she winced at the naked pain and misery she saw there. *God, she thought, oh, God, help me to reach him—to say something to make him turn away from this way of thinkin'. This is the way he thought before he started stealin' money. And livin' by the gun!*

"Clarence, I love you. I know it ain't good for us now. Not like it was before. But I'm not complainin' about it. I'm not a good housekeeper or a good cook. And you know that, Clarence. But I ain't never heard you complain about me and my ways. Just like I don't complain about your ways and havin' to live like we do."

"There's just somethin' not right about it, Alma." He squeezed her hand. "Alma, honey, I been feelin' poorly about it. I ain't learned enough to figure it out. But somethin' just ain't right, girl. It just ain't right somehow."

His words frightened her. There was an old familiar ring to them. *He's fixin' to do somethin', thought Alma. Somethin' bad. And I can't stop him. Oh, God, I can't stop him!*

Pouring some wine into a glass, she handed it to him with both hands as though it were a peace offering. A secret brew, having within it a remedy for his pain. Alma knew that pain too. She didn't know the names, or the cure. Like Clarence, she only felt the symptoms.

He drank from the glass, gazing into the dark wine silently for a long time.

Outside, someone else's trailer door slammed, voices cursing. A car door slammed. A starter whirled an engine to life with a cough, and tires squealed on asphalt. Odors of burning rubber and acrid exhaust fumes entered the trailer. A dog barked. And children's laughter was muted by the distance from their play.

Alma heard the tinkling bell of the ice-cream vendor. "You want some ice cream, honey?"

Clarence shook his head silently. "Honey, I just want us to have some good things. Things that we been doin' without for too long a time."

Alma rose from her chair. She stood before him, drawing his head to the softness of her breasts. "Hold me, Clarence," she said softly. "Just hold me like this a minute."

Clarence circled his arms around Alma's waist. He drew her nearer to him and kissed the soft mounds while his large, calloused hands caressed her round thighs and buttocks.

"Clarence," she whispered. "Oh, Clarence, let's not lose what little we have left for each other now." She pressed her loins against him, feeling his rough hands under her dress. He

stroked the soft places behind her knees, then up the thickness of her thighs. Alma knew what she'd have to do to get Clarence ready. The only way he could get hard was when she sucked him.

So she slowly removed all her clothing; then, as she stood before him naked, her legs spread wide, she let him tongue her nipples until they grew large. Her hands caressed the back of his head. As his passion grew, she waited until he slipped two fingers inside her, his thumb lightly circling her clitoris. When she was wet and she knew Clarence could see her juice oozing from her vagina, she knew it was time for her to go down on him.

"Stand up, honey," she said huskily. Expertly, quickly, Alma unfastened one suspender from his shoulder, shoved his overalls to his ankles and jerked down his shorts as she went slowly to her knees. Clarence sat back in the chair and spread his hairy legs.

His cock was semihard, and Alma kissed and tongued the head of it. Clarence moaned his pleasure, and Alma took a few deep strokes into her mouth. His cock grew more rigid with each stroke. When she ran her hot tongue once more around the head of his hard cock, Clarence let out a sigh of delight. That's when Alma began sucking his cock with rapidly increasing depth, taking the huge, swollen head as deep into her mouth and throat as she could.

As Clarence entwined his fingers in Alma's long, black hair, he began a slow bump and grind, with his cock now sliding in and out of Alma's mouth so quickly that the juice smick-smacked with each rapid stroke.

Alma, on her knees, opened her thick thighs wider and placed Clarence's shinbone between the wet lips of her hot cunt. Feeling the hard bone against her clit, she bucked her hairy pelvis up and down frantically.

She could feel Clarence's huge cock seem to gorge itself with yet more swelling, so she drew back her bobbing head a little so as to be able to take his huge load of cum when he came.

"Alma..." Clarence took in a deep breath as his big hands tightened around Alma's head. "Alma... uh... baby... oh... honey... oh—I'm gonna shoooooooooot!"

As she felt the first spurt of his hot cum shoot into her mouth, Alma began a mad fuck into Clarence's shinbone, so violently they could hear the meat from her wet cunt slap-slap into his leg as her kneeling body quivered and trembled into a huge orgasm of her own.

(continued on page 135)

# HUSTLER

## BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 105). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (include area code) \_\_\_\_\_

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_



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Because this announcement appears in a magazine sold to the general public, the pictures on this page are covered. However the products you receive in our selections are untouched by censors. No cover-ups or concealment - you see it all!

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## PROFILE: DOUG KERSHAW

(continued from page 46)

Kershaw. It was the beginning of what would surely be one of the strangest years in my life—a year on the road with the Ragin' Cajun.

The first time I'd ever seen Doug Kershaw was on Johnny Cash's TV show in early 1969. That show also featured the "comeback" performance of Bob Dylan, who was in his *Nashville Skyline* phase at the time. In fact, word had it that it was Dylan who'd been responsible for getting Kershaw the spot, after having seen him at a small club in Nashville.

What happened was that Kershaw stole the show right from under Dylan's nose. He came on in a bright-green-velvet suit and did his hit, "Louisiana Man," pulling it off even though the producers had bogged him down with a schmaltzy string section. Kershaw roared through the song, playing a mean fiddle and doing that crazy bowlegged Cajun two-step of his. The antics, along with his appearance—kind of a cross between the devil and Hugh Hefner—made Kershaw look, well, strange. With his heavy-lidded gator eyes, huge black sideburns and the penny-sized space between his front teeth, Kershaw looked like he'd just crawled out of a swamp. Which, strangely enough, was exactly the case.

Born on a houseboat in Tiel Ridge, Louisiana, in 1936, Doug was the third of four brothers. "We just floated around on the bayous," Kershaw remembers, "catchin' fish an' trappin' what we needed to eat."

The family was of Cajun ancestry. In 1755 the Cajuns had been forced to leave Acadia in French Canada, and the exiled people eventually settled in the bayou region of Louisiana. Their native language is French; Doug didn't even begin to learn English until the age of eight. Besides the language, the Cajuns also imported their particular brand of music, a synthesis of folk, bluegrass and country, traditionally played with fiddle, French accordion and acoustic guitar.

When Doug was five, his father—a hardnosed bayou trapper—caught him playing around with brother Pee Wee's fiddle. "Papa was fumin' 'cause I played Pee Wee's fiddle without askin'," Doug recalls. "He was so mad he threatened to use me for alligator bait. I believed him an' began fiddlin' away to save my hide. Played three tunes—two of 'em I made up right on the spot—an' Papa told me I was good enough to where if I kept it up

he wouldn't whup me. Right then, I guess, was the start of my career."

Shortly after, Doug found his father dead on the houseboat—shot through the head by his own hand with a long-barreled .45. "Times was hard," Doug says, "an' I guess he just couldn't take it no more." After the incident Doug's mother, Rita, took him and his brothers Rusty, Pee Wee and Edward and moved to the sleepy town of Lake Arthur, Louisiana. Rita washed clothes and ironed for 50¢ a day, while Doug went to work shining shoes until he discovered he could make more money by playing fiddle at local dances.

His first public appearance was at the Bucket of Blood, where the performers had to work behind a protective screen of chicken wire. Rusty played the accordion, and Rita sat in on guitar. "We made \$10.20 that night," says Doug, "an' we bought us a good meal of grits an' beans an' all sat around an' cried, it was so good."

When Doug was 11, the family moved to Jennings, Louisiana, and there, along with Rusty, he formed a group and named it The Continental Playboys. They played the local nightclubs and Saturday-night dances, but not much happened until a man named J. D. Miller, who owned a recording studio in nearby Crowley, dropped by one evening. Doug had written a tune called "No, No, It's Not So," and Miller asked him if he'd like to record it.

The tune got some airplay, and Rusty and Doug began traveling around, hitting places like the Wheeling (West Virginia) Jamboree and the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. Then came their first big break. Doug was 18 and Rusty 16 when they signed with the Acuff-Rose Publishing Company and Hickory Records in Nashville. And two years later, in 1956, the brothers joined the Grand Ole Opry.

"All of a sudden there was Rusty and Doug," Kershaw recalls. "We worked our butts off an' played every night an' I was writin' like a madman." In 1960 Doug wrote "Louisiana Man" in memory of his father, and shortly after recording it in 1961 the magic began to happen. The song was a hit.

Today "Louisiana Man" has been recorded by more than 500 artists. It even has the somewhat dubious distinction of being one of the songs selected for a serenade in space by the *Apollo 12* astronauts on their historic journey to the moon. But in the early '60s it was simply a vehicle for the brothers' careers. Back then a hit record didn't mean what it does today, and hit or no hit, Rusty and Doug had to keep plug-



ging away. Then in 1964 Rusty quit, deciding he wanted to embark on a career of his own. "It was a big setback as far as I was concerned," says Doug, "but I thought, *Hell, I got to keep goin'.*"

The grind continued. Doug toured some, but most of the time he stayed in Nashville, writing songs and churning out five sets a night at the Black Poodle in Printers' Alley. It was there that he was purportedly "discovered" by Dylan prior to the Johnny Cash TV show. Whatever the case, it was that appearance on national television that provided the vital turning point in Kershaw's career. Overnight he had become the representative of a dying culture. Yes, there were other Cajun performers—Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Clifton Chenier, Link Davis, Sr., T. K. Hulin, Pappy (Te-Tan) Meaux—but after the TV exposure Doug Kershaw was *the Louisiana Man*. In 1969 Kershaw signed a contract with Warner Brothers Records, and he eventually recorded 12 albums on that label.

Somewhere along the way Kershaw had been transformed into the Ragin' Cajun, though nobody seems to be able to pinpoint exactly when. More than likely it was the result of years of frustration, the hellish pace of life on the road, together with Doug's penchant for two of the favorite indulgences of many a musician, uppers and booze.

One of the best-known songs in Kershaw's repertoire is "Bully of the Bayou," written about an uncle who could "whip anybody with one hand tied." But as far as many were concerned, Kershaw was the "Bully of the Bayou," the "Ragin' Cajun" and—to put it simply—an out-and-out bastard. Long before I'd had the slightest notion that I'd ever work for the man, I'd heard all the stories. How he mistreated his women, his musicians, his friends. How he was the worst egomaniac in the world, and the orneriest fucking son of a bitch on the face of the earth. And though many of the tales were obviously the result of overworked imagination, others, I was to find out, were damnably true.

January 1975. "Watch out for his eyes," Max Schwennsen, the guitarist, told me after we'd been out on the road a little more than a week. "If his eyes are big when he gets onstage, that means he's speeding, and he's liable to do anything. Just play your ax; if he changes a tune around, follow him—and whatever you do, *don't give him any shit!*"

That night, when Kershaw leaped onstage after we'd done the four warm-up tunes, his eyes were as big as saucers.

Somehow all the songs seemed too fast, and he was going through bows like crazy, ripping them apart, then throwing the remnants into the audience, which loved every second of it. Onstage it was pure chaos. Songs would start, stop in the middle, then start again in another key. At one point I didn't change keys quickly enough, and Kershaw turned around to fix me with a look I'll never forget. Halfway through "Diggy Liggy Lo" one of the amps started feeding back, but before the hapless roadie could adjust it, Kershaw had put the toe of one of his pointed cowboy boots clean through the speaker, causing an ear-splitting noise throughout the room. Then, just for good measure, he ran over and gave the same treatment to the monitor speakers. I turned to look at Max, but he refused to meet my gaze, simply staring straight ahead.

The following night Kershaw—even more bugged than before—turned his wrath on the bass player. Every few seconds he'd turn around, fixing the poor fellow with a Sonny Liston-like stare. During the third tune he suddenly turned his back on the audience, walked back and put his face about an inch away from the bassist, who by this point was scared shitless. "You tune that

fuckin' guitar right now or I'm gonna kick some ass," Kershaw snarled through clenched teeth. The bass player tried frantically to tune his instrument, but two seconds later Kershaw ran over and pulled his cord out of the amplifier. We played the remainder of the set without the bass, though the bassist stood onstage, tears in his eyes, until we finished our last song.

A couple of nights later it was the drummer who got it. Apparently he wasn't keeping the right time, because about midway through the set Kershaw ran back, put the heel of his foot against the drum kit—which was mounted on a riser with wheels on the bottom—and shoved. The result was that the whole thing, drummer and all, went sailing across the entire stage. The audience roared, finding the incident quite funny, but I got edgy. The drummer, who had a righteous temper of his own, looked like he might kill Kershaw right there.

"Doesn't anyone ever stand up to him?" I asked Max after the show.

"Oh, sure, a couple of guys have, and he just fired them on the spot. There've been a few punch-outs, but mostly he just fires you, or you quit. See, Doug knows that musicians are replaceable. Plus he wants you to remember that he's

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the star, so he puts you through this sort of initiation period. But I'll tell you," Max said somewhat more confidentially, "if you stick it out it's worth it, because, well, there's just nothing like playing with Doug. The rush, I mean. And when he's straight—no pills, no Scotch—he *really* puts out for the people; there's nobody better."

And it was true. On a good night, or even a mediocre one for that matter, Doug Kershaw could drive the people crazy like nobody else. Something about the combination of that raw bayou music, backed up by a full-tilt rock 'n' roll band (and make no mistake—Kershaw *plays* rock 'n' roll) just got right into your marrow. When Kershaw jumped onstage, you could feel a definite physical energy hit you. When he was messed up, that energy turned into the most godawful confusion imaginable. But when the energy was unadulterated, it could drive you right up the fucking wall.

The same went for the audience. Crowds simply went nuts, not so much because of Kershaw's wildman antics as from the pure power of his delivery. People would scream and shout, cuss, stomp, holler, weep and claw at the foot of the stage. In between the stage and the dressing room was a definite danger zone. Somehow Kershaw would always make it—rushed out by his road managers or bodyguards—but the band wasn't always so lucky.

"Jeeesus," wailed Max one night, clutching a bald spot on his head where a particularly aggressive lass had yanked out a handful of hair, "this is like fucking Beatlemania or something." He reached up again to feel the spot. "And where's fucking Doug? Back in his fucking hotel room, that's where!"

When Doug wasn't in his hotel room, he'd usually be "busy." In fact, when we weren't onstage, we hardly ever saw him. Occasionally there'd be a brief pre-concert rehearsal, but most of his time was spent with Pam Eason, his girlfriend and constant companion of two years. Sometimes we'd see the two of them eating an early-morning breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, or perhaps we'd all meet at the airport, but those moments were rare. It didn't take long to see that Kershaw was, indeed, a very private man.

There was one brief period, however, when we got a glimpse into another side of Doug Kershaw. We were doing a series of dates in the South, traveling in a Greyhound Scenicruiser with *The Louisiana Man* emblazoned on the side. So naturally, in late September, when we pulled into Jennings—the town where

Kershaw had spent some memorable boyhood years—we caused a bit of a stir. People ran out of their little shops as we passed by, jumping and waving in excitement. Their boy had come home. Doug, who'd sequestered himself in the back of the bus with Pam for most of the trip, came running up the aisle and began giving frantic directions to the driver.

Some 20 minutes later we pulled up in front of a tiny white frame house on the outskirts of town. When the doors opened, a couple of black kids from the neighborhood scooted onboard, giving our quarters a thorough inspection. About a minute later a short, squat woman with a shock of white hair appeared on the front porch and stood there with her arms folded. Doug stayed inside the bus, his face pressed up against the window.

"Hey, boy, get yer butt down offa dat ting an' let me see how you look," the woman called.

I'd never seen Doug move faster. "How you doin', Mama?" he asked, wrapping his arms around the woman. "Hey, I brought some company with me, an' I hope you got some gumbo cookin', cause I got me a load of hungry boys here."

Inside, the place was furnished sparsely. On the wall there were framed photos of two skinny kids, one holding a fiddle and the other a guitar. "Doug an' Rusty, right after their first record," Rita told us. "I been in dis place 33 years now," she stated proudly. "Kept dis boy's room jus' like when he was livin' here."

"Come on, Mama," Doug interrupted, "what you got to eat?" He pulled her by the arm. "Let's see what's in that kitchen." A few seconds later the two of them were jabbering away in French while Rita cooked supper.

And what a supper! Steaming bowls of shrimp gumbo, real Creole jambalaya, with sauce so hot it brought tears to my eyes, fresh hot biscuits, black coffee with chicory, and monstrous slices of crawfish pie for dessert.

After dinner Doug's brother Edward, who lived right across the street, came over. It wasn't long before the two were trading songs, Edward accompanying himself on a battered old acoustic guitar, while Doug played some of the sweetest fiddle I'd ever heard. "Will you listen to that?" Max said. "I haven't heard him play that pretty in months." Soon we all joined in, picking up whatever instruments we could lay our hands on, and the singing and playing continued long into the night.

But come morning it was time to hit



the road; time for Doug to go back to the business of being a star. Because being a star was what it was all about. The whole ordeal, the endless one-night stands, the recording sessions and TV shows, the rabid adoration of the fans—this is what Kershaw thrived on, what supported his ego. And don't kid yourself: There's no such animal as a star without an ego.

On Saturday, June 21, 1975, Doug and Pam Eason were married in the Houston Astrodome in front of an audience estimated at 45,000. It had to be the most monumental display of ego ever, but it was great. After the ceremony we set up our gear and, together with Pee Wee, Edward and Mama Rita, we played a scorching 90-minute set for the fired-up crowd.

Doug took some time off afterward, just enjoying himself. He and Pam had purchased a big A-frame high in the mountains of Evergreen, Colorado, and he spent his days puttering around his home recording studio, playing golf or driving his new Bentley into Boulder.

But the road beckoned. A few weeks later we started off on the first leg of a mind-boggling 100-city tour of one-night stands. All that remains for me is a jumble of images that seem to run into each other with no relationship to actual time or place. Particular scenes stand out: people plugging their ears with cigarettes to protect themselves from the deafening volume of our amplifiers; Doug hiding behind the amps after his pants ripped midway through a set; a near-fistfight with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band after their drummer had poured beer on Doug; a burned-out, toothless Rusty jumping onstage one night in L.A.; Doug breaking down in tears in the middle of "Louisiana Man" after he'd heard that his mother was in the hospital; sitting in with Willie Nelson at the Lone Star Opry in Texas... and more booze, more pills, more Holiday Inns and airports, more amplifiers kicked in. Finally, somewhere back East, in the middle of one show, Doug simply unplugged his fiddle and walked offstage.

"It's all over, guys," our road manager said afterward. "He's already on a plane back to Colorado. He's burnt." We were all given severance pay and told we could go home.

Two weeks later I was awakened early one morning by the ringing of the phone. I was told that we were playing Harrah's Tahoe, with Dolly Parton opening for us. I flew up and did the gig. After the show Dolly and her friends Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris

crowded inside the dressing room with the rest of the fans. Kershaw sat there beaming as the girls cooed over him, and right then I knew he was hooked forever. He needed the road.

But I didn't. I'd ballooned up 25 pounds from eating junk food, permanently lost 85 percent of the hearing in my left ear from massive doses of volume and was *tired*. After the gig at Harrah's I left the Doug Kershaw band.

I spent the next couple of months recuperating in a tiny chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland, and a couple more after that rounding out my tan in Malibu. And I still kept an eye on Kershaw. I saw him on a few TV shows, and it looked like he was trying to change his image. He'd shed the velvet suits, gotten a new blow-dry hairdo and recorded a rock 'n' roll album that downplayed his Cajun background. *Well*, I thought, *it's his life*. According to rumor, he was happy. He was the father of a son, Zachary (now three years old), and Pam was already pregnant again. He'd given up the Colorado house in favor of a more modest abode in California.

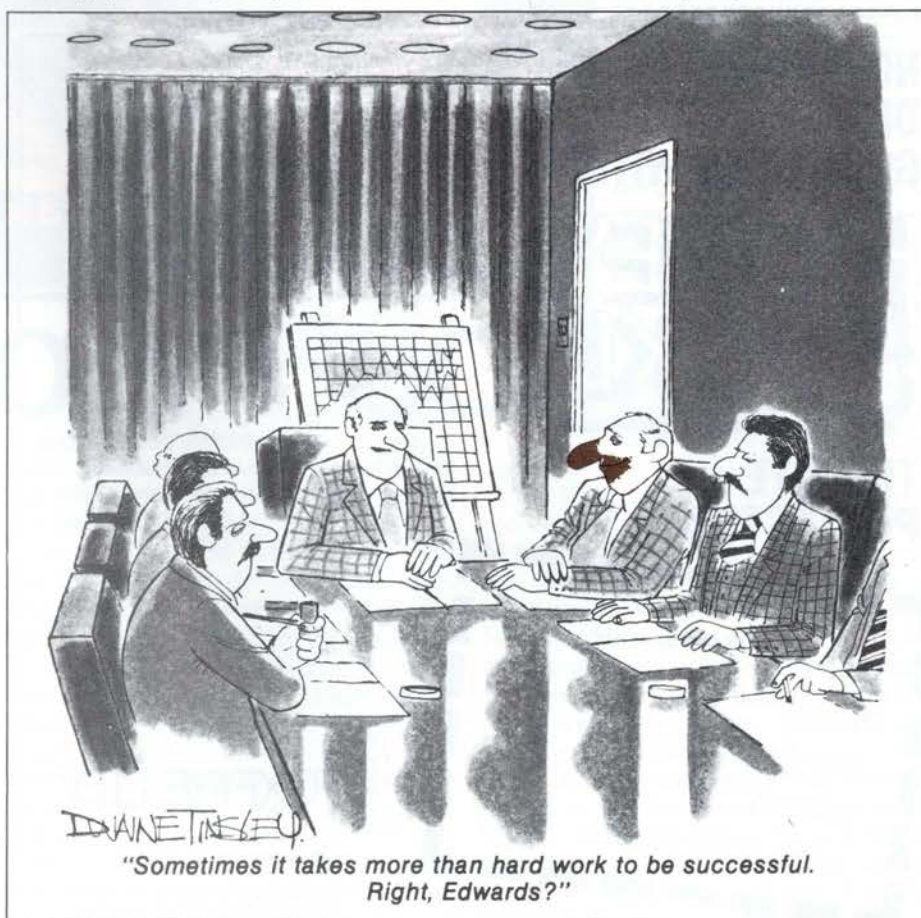
Best of all, though, was the news that Doug had totally quit taking speed and drinking vast quantities of Chivas Regal. "You wouldn't believe it," said his manager over the phone one day. "The guy is completely clean for the

first time in years. He's playing better than ever, he doesn't terrorize the band anymore, but..." the manager hesitated a moment, "it's this attempt to change the image—see, he *still* doesn't know how good he is. Now if he'd only quit fucking around and be what he is—*Doug Kershaw*, a skinny-bellied Cajun—he'd be great."

More months passed and more news filtered in. Doug had landed a role in the film *Days of Heaven*, and he'd also been asked by the Rolling Stones to join them for some dates on their upcoming U.S. tour.

Then, while I was browsing through the bins at an L.A. record emporium one afternoon, my eyes fell on the cover of his latest album. It was a simple straight-on shot of Doug in plain brown-and-white tones. The album title stated matter-of-factly: *Doug Kershaw/The Louisiana Man*. It looked as though Kershaw had come to terms with himself.

The yellow two-story house sits on a narrow street in Woodland Hills, California. With the unwashed station wagon sitting in the driveway, and children's toys scattered around the front lawn, it might belong to any of the average Joe's who inhabit the neighborhood. As I go to pull my briefcase out of the backseat of my car, I notice that the







**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

116 JULY HUSTLER



Maybe you're going to think it's rather strange that a 19-year-old girl like me would be an avid fan of *Kinky Korner*. But I've been reading it ever since my boyfriend, Michael, bought me a copy of *HUSTLER* for my 17th birthday. We read it cover to cover and were really turned on, especially by *Kinky Korner*. I guess it's because Michael and I have a kind of kinky habit ourselves—we like to screw in strange places.

Even before we started screwing, Michael and I used to fool around in places that we weren't supposed to. For instance, there was a superspecial thrill to sticking our hands down each other's crotch in the backseat of my dad's car while he drove us home from the movies.

Our first fuck happened in a telephone booth. Not very romantic, you say? Maybe not, but it sure was a turn-on. I was calling Dad after ice skating one night to tell him I'd be home late. Michael came into the phone booth and started rubbing up against me and kissing me; then he put his hand up under my dress and started fingering the hell out of me.

Before I could react, he'd pulled out that huge cock of his and just slipped it right inside me. As I said, I was talking to Dad at the time, and it was really tough keeping up my end of the conversation while Michael's massive cock was sliding in and out of me.

Then I noticed that a couple of people had come out of the skating rink and were coming toward the phone booth. Just as they got close enough to see us, Michael came, flooding my pussy with his juices. I was embarrassed, to say the least—yet at the same time I was strangely excited by what we'd just done.

Ever since then we've fucked in every place imaginable—at the movies, in bowling alleys, the backseats of cars, rest rooms and one time in the closet of my bedroom. That one happened by accident, when we heard my mom and dad

*Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



## HOLY FUCK

by Debbi Hill

(who said they'd be out late) come into the house while we were upstairs screwing in the bedroom.

Sure, we fuck in the "normal" way too, but it just isn't the same. I guess our liking for strange places comes from the fact that our parents are very strict, so we've been conditioned to find places where they can't "get us." Little did we know how much fun it would be or how horny it would get us! It soon developed into a contest to see who could come up with the newest and most exciting place to fuck.

But everything came to a halt last year when I got sick with mononucleosis. I didn't see Michael for over a

month, and I was one horny little girl. I tried masturbating, but it wasn't really very satisfying at first. (I'd never had to do it before.)

Finally, I got myself off picturing Michael fucking me under the table at the health-food restaurant where he works—fucking while all those people above us stuffed themselves silly with avocado and alfalfa sprouts. That had to be the healthiest orgasm I've ever had. Still, a month of playing with myself was a month of playing with myself, and I couldn't wait to get better so I could feel Michael's cock all hot and stiff inside me once more.

My recuperation period kept me from going to church with my folks for a while. But as soon as I was up and around, I had to go. Dad had been a Baptist minister when I was younger, but now that he was working at the fire department full-time, he was more adamant than ever that we go to church every Sunday morning.

Anyhow, I don't mind going to church—in fact, I sort of like it. It's always been a good place for me to fantasize. Also, back then I guess it helped relieve some of the guilt that I had built up about all the fucking I'd been doing. No matter how much I rationalized that fucking was a good, clean, healthy activity, I still found myself feeling kind of bad about it from time to time.

On this particular morning the service seemed to drag on forever. I'd completely tuned out the minister's sermon, and the organ music had become a senseless drone in the background. Without thinking too much about it I let my hand creep under my long Sunday wraparound skirt. Inside my panties my pussy was dripping wet. That was the trouble; I was horny as hell.

As soon as the service was over, I started to run out to catch the bus to go over to Michael's house. Then I had a better idea. I ran over to the corner phone booth, so excited that I could hardly get my dime in the slot.



"Listen," I said when I heard Michael's voice on the other end of the line. "I'm at church. I want you to meet me here as soon as you can."

Michael didn't waste any time. Ten minutes later I saw him walk around the corner. His long blond hair had grown even longer since I'd last seen him, and he looked tan and healthy. But right now what I wanted most was that big, juicy dick of his.

We hung around outside the church until the last of the worshippers had trailed out, and then we walked back inside. The place was completely empty. We sat in the back row, and Michael immediately began kissing me. The room was so quiet that every sound we made seemed amplified, echoing off the church walls.

Michael started to rub my breasts, and then he undid the buttons of my blouse, but when he lifted my bra up over my tits and started sucking on them, I suddenly got a knot in the pit of my stomach. We were going to fuck right there in church! It didn't matter how much fucking we'd done before or how horny I was—the whole thing seemed terribly wrong.

"We just can't do it here, Michael," I said.

So he just took my left hand and put it on the bulge in his pants. I sat there for a

moment with my hand resting on the outside of his cock. Then I stood up in front of him and undid my bra in the back, tossing it and my blouse over my shoulder. Next my skirt and panties came off.

I stood there naked, letting Michael's eyes roam over my body. My nipples were already stiff in anticipation, and I knew I wanted him.

"Come on," he said, and grabbed my hand as he stood up.

"Where are we going to go?" I asked, mortified that I knew the answer.

"I've got a better place," he said, and then he led me up between the pews toward the pulpit. Down in front, just below the pulpit, I noticed the shimmering blue water of the baptismal pool shining in the soft light. (In case you've never seen one before, a baptismal pool is like a giant bathtub, about five feet by seven, and some four feet deep, with four steps leading down to the bottom.)

When we got to the edge of the pool, Michael stopped and took off his clothes. Then without a word we carefully walked down the slippery steps into the water. It was lukewarm, and felt soft and wonderful on my body. Michael and I stood face to face in the pool, and as he grabbed me around the ass

underwater, the only sound inside the church was the lapping of the water on our bodies.

Michael was squeezing my ass now, and I grabbed his, inserting my finger for a moment into his puckered rectum. He threw his head back, and the next thing I knew he'd lifted me by the waist and seated me on the top step. It was a little chilly with my body out of the water like that, but then I felt Michael's tongue feverishly work its way inside my cunt. As he lapped at it, I let myself drift off and just float with the sensations. Then I lifted my legs above the water, making it easier for him to eat my pussy.

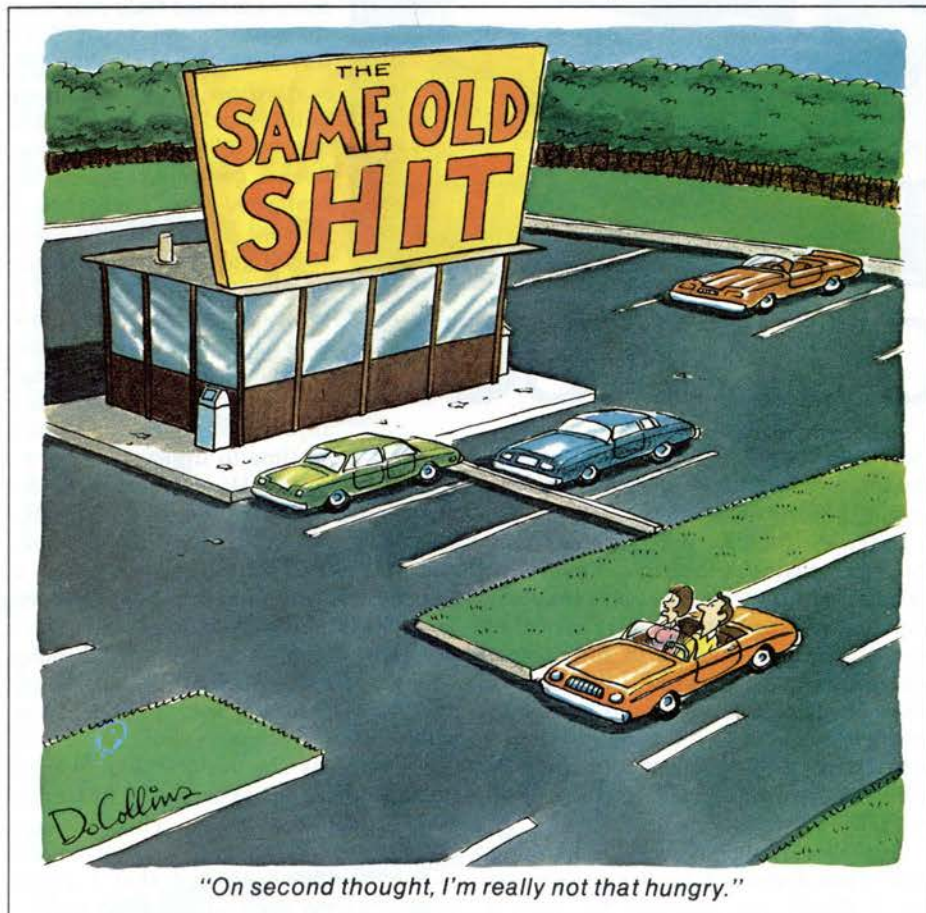
I was leaning on the side of the pool with my arms for support, but it was still a little uncomfortable, so I put both of my legs over Michael's shoulders, squeezing his head between my thighs. He worked his tongue harder against my clit then, first moving it back and forth, then side to side. His hands were holding my ass so I wouldn't slip as I rocked back and forth on his soft, stroking tongue.

At this point I felt like I was going to come, but it was too soon, so I unwrapped my legs from around Michael's head and jumped back in the water. I wound my legs around his waist, and his cock slipped right inside me with no trouble. It felt so good sliding in and out I couldn't believe it, especially with the warm water surrounding me. What an incredible sensation! And then I realized that in all our previous escapades together Michael and I had never fucked in water before—let alone in church!

We fucked very slowly, and I let my legs float out behind him. As Michael began fucking me harder, I wound my legs tight around his waist and ground myself onto his cock. "Fuck me, Michael, *please* fuck me," I said. "It's all right . . ."

We both came at the same time—the first time we'd ever done that. Afterward we just floated in the water for a while. Then we got up out of the baptismal pool and dried ourselves off with our clothes, and left the church without saying a word.

I suppose that some of you readers are going to think that what Michael and I did was sacrilegious. But I seriously doubt that God objected to us fulfilling our desires and feeling so much pleasure in His house. In fact, I think that He would have approved. As far as I'm concerned, it was without a doubt the most religious experience I've ever had in church. And it was also the best fuck of my life!



"On second thought, I'm really not that hungry."



## WIFE ABUSE

(continued from page 58)

gun. Women are most likely to use a knife or a gun either to defend themselves or to attack their mate. In the majority of cases men use their fists and feet to perpetrate an assault, although black men frequently use knives.

In a husband-wife situation it appears that, when aroused and angered to the point of no return, women can be as deadly as men. This is a consistent historical fact that surprises the male who was "just going to rough his woman up a bit" and then found a knife in his belly or saw a splash of gasoline and a match igniting him. For many people the "war of the sexes" in the battleground of the intimate unit is very real, with heavy casualties—and death as the bottom line.

### THE MYTHOLOGY OF BATTERING

There are a number of myths about wife-beating that contribute to a misunderstanding and an occasional sanctioning of battering. One such myth is that only men in the lower socioeconomic classes are involved in the abuse of women. While it is true that there is a higher reported incidence of assault and homicide among America's disadvantaged people, these offenses occur throughout all levels of our society. Almost every one of us has experienced an eruption of rage and violence directed at someone we supposedly loved.

"She had it coming," one friend tells another. This statement is based on the concept that people are totally responsible for everything that happens to them. While this concept (which is spreading throughout the U.S., with loving sanction from some growth groups) may seem valid on first glance, it is apparent that such an attitude in the end reduces individual responsibility instead of promoting it. The truth is that both men and women are parts of a composite picture that sometimes explodes in violence. A woman may trigger the violence unknowingly and then get her eye blackened and her jaw broken because her old man never got over hating his mother. One of the first things that a battered woman has to learn when she escapes to a shelter or takes control of her own life is that she is not totally responsible for everything that happened, but is a part of it.

"She asked for it" is a variant of "She had it coming," and reflects the view that women are masochistic and seek out just punishment from the mate who is their master and who is endowed with the sacred responsibilities of judge,

jailer and executioner. It is one of those pretexts we have manufactured to justify our rather tenuous and paranoid hold on the concept of male superiority and dominance.

"He was within his rights" is often used to characterize an enraged husband who catches his wife fucking someone else and proceeds to beat her up, or else shoots her and her lover both. This rationalization usually comes when jealousy is involved in the man's escalation toward violence. Underlying this justification are two factors: first, a long history during which the woman has been seen as a possession of the man, with her body as his territory (sanctioned by the marriage contract); and, second, the inviolability of the male ego, which is to be defended at all costs. She is *his* woman. She needs to be taught a lesson. The man's territory needs to be staked out and defended against all comers.

An underlying theme here is the response to a threat, real or imagined, to a person's ego and concept of relationship. When women today say they are not men's possessions, they are not saying they are going to fuck every male in town—only that they want to be considered a person in their own right. Men are dealing with the cultural concepts of power and control, which are shifting in

today's society to person orientation rather than male orientation.

The model husband who never loses his temper, is always cool and certainly is not the one to beat up his wife is quite often just the one to be violent in a particularly explosive manner. Often men will become overly self-controlled, and anger and frustration will build in them until tension flashes and ignites with a fury they cannot control. Holding it in can cause constipation, ulcers, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, heart attacks and other bodily ills. Many feel that men need outlets to vent the pressure before it blows a valve.

One of the other prevailing myths about wife-beating is that a woman "should just leave when the situation becomes too heavy." Not surprisingly, men voice this sentiment far more frequently than women do. Men who feel this way usually are those who have a degree of social and economic mobility. Women who have been battered know that packing up and leaving is not that easy. They are well-aware of the dependency that develops in the marriage bond, a dependency supported by the IRS, Social Security, welfare agencies, discrimination in housing and jobs, the necessity of raising the children. Likewise, there is the emotional and fi-



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nancial dependency that comes during the marriage or cohabitation relationship. In short, there are all kinds of deep-rooted cultural, economic and religious conditions that make women dependent on men.

It is really difficult for a woman to break away from these conditions and start a new life. For many it takes years before they are able to get it back together after the battering. Slowly now, with a little more progress all the time, the dependency factor for women is decreasing. In the future, women are going to be less dependent on men. There is a growing shift toward more equality between the sexes. For many men this is very threatening, but those men who have overcome their fear of the independent woman have discovered a new and exciting world of partnership rather than hostility.

**WHERE DOES THE BATTERING ORIGINATE?**

Many theories as to what exactly leads to wife-beating prevail: the breakdown of the home, the image of the macho male as portrayed on TV and in movies and magazines, the frustration theory (the psychoanalytic notion that wife-beating is the ultimate death wish), a domineering mother, a domineering father, genetic deficiency, basic animal behavior, the women's-liberation movement, an aggressively violent society, etc. Most theorists today believe there is a combination of factors that, for certain individuals, are likely to ignite domestic violence.

Many experts feel that the sex-role stereotypes are a big contributing factor to such violence. These stereotypes support the roles of the aggressive male and the submissive female, with suitable rewards for conformity. Our children play boy-and-girl games, dress in boy-and-girl clothes. The boys are rewarded when they "act like a man" and are put down for any emotion that might indicate a feminine "weakness" trait.

In households in which there is wife-beating, children learn the appropriate male or female responses. The sex of the child is more important here than his or her personhood. A man first; a person second. Boys learn that they are to keep women under control, while little girls learn to depend on men. The stereotyping is very subtle and sometimes amounts to lessons on who speaks first, who is the leader, who cooks the food, who has the adventures and who stays home, who protects and who is the protected.

This sex-role stereotyping is becom-

ing more apparent to people now than it had been in the past, and efforts are being made to change some of the images and concepts that are constantly fed to children. But this is only the beginning of a long process. For now this stereotyping has resulted in a gulf of misunderstanding between and a separation of men and women, with relationships based not on love and acceptance but on superstition, fear and anger.

As mentioned previously, women historically have been thought of as possessions of men. Some *thing*, an object that can be traded, divorced at will, used as a hostage, fucked anytime and anyway the man's whim takes him, gathered into compounds, broken to serve him, a cherry to be taken, reminded of her place, paid less than a man's wage for identical work, fought over, displayed as a symbol of wealth, the subject of lunch-break sexual-bullshit sessions, a servant to clean up the house, a nice piece of ass, tits for comfort, a womb to return to, an obeisant goddess of sexual pleasure, a never-complaining, ever-ready cook, all-purpose baby-sitter for the kids, the recipient of her man's job-related anger and frustrations, an object that must always be impeccably clean, smell good, wear sexy negligees and keep the floors clean, who keeps the cupboards full of food and the toilet bowl bright and shiny. And if she fucks up, it's OK to slap her around a little so she'll learn her lesson and stay in line.

There are many cultural supports for domestic violence. Looking around at our culture, we can find a violent mindset or a world view that opts for the use of force to accomplish certain ideals. At the end of the line there is the law, and behind the law the threat of imprisonment, fine or even death. Force and the threat of physical harm or imprisonment constitute the bottom line. But most wife-abusers seldom suffer the indignities of imprisonment.

Many men learn to use force during tours of duty in the armed services. Hand-to-hand combat has been taught to and practiced in the field by millions of American men. It is little wonder that some of that training to strike hard, fast and as damagingly as possible is carried over into domestic explosions.

The United States leads the world in many respects, not the least of which is our high incidence of homicide, assault and forcible rape. No other industrial nation has as many crimes of violence per capita as we do. Although power and force play a dominant role in our culture, it is also true that for many men

(continued on page 125)

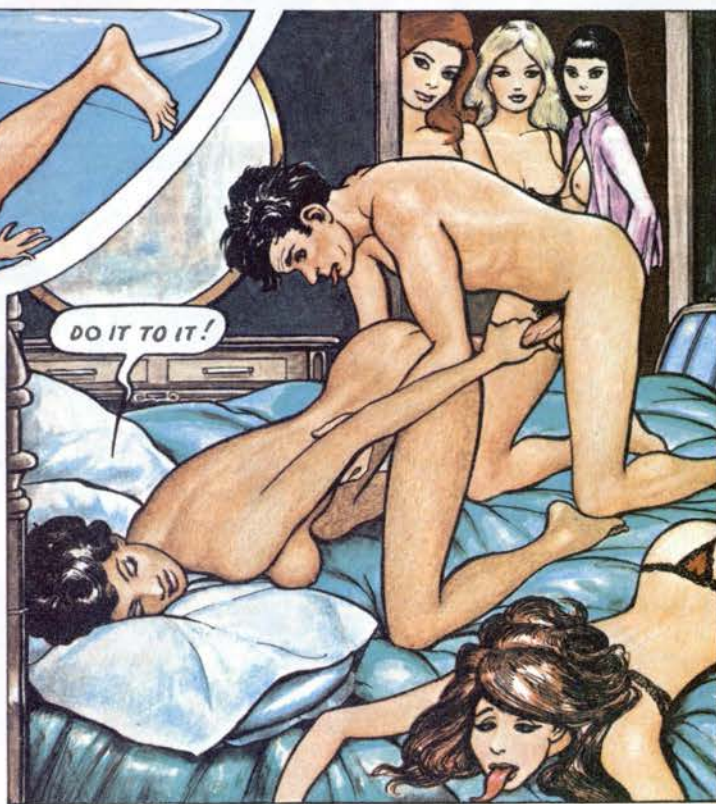
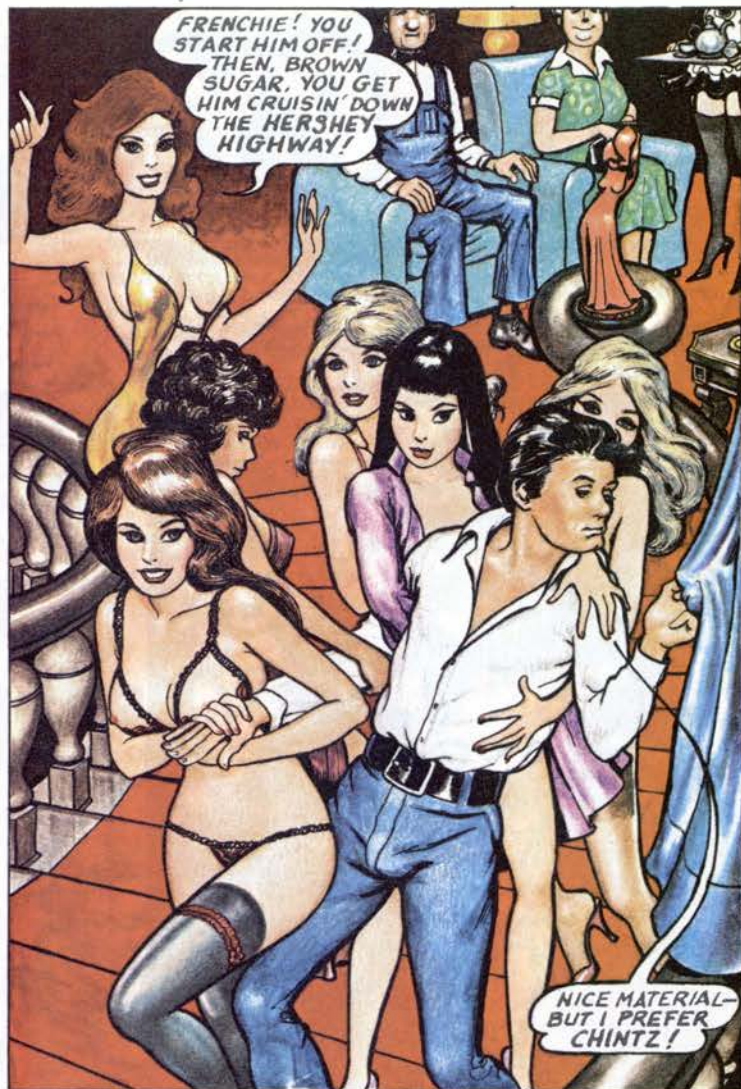
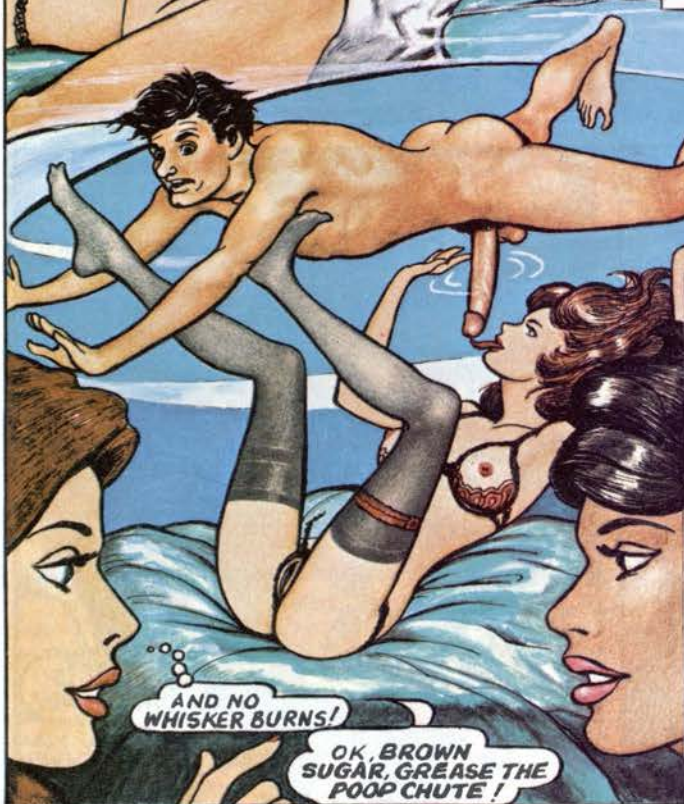


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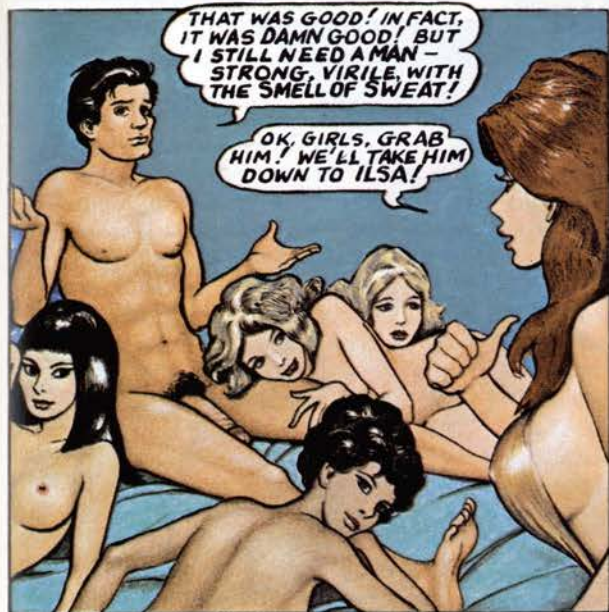
**B**USINESS HAS BEEN BRISK SINCE HONEY OPENED HER NEW BORDELLO! HER TEAM OF HANDPICKED, DEVOTED LOVELIES HAS GAINED A DESERVED REPUTATION FOR HOT ACTION AT FAIR PRICES!





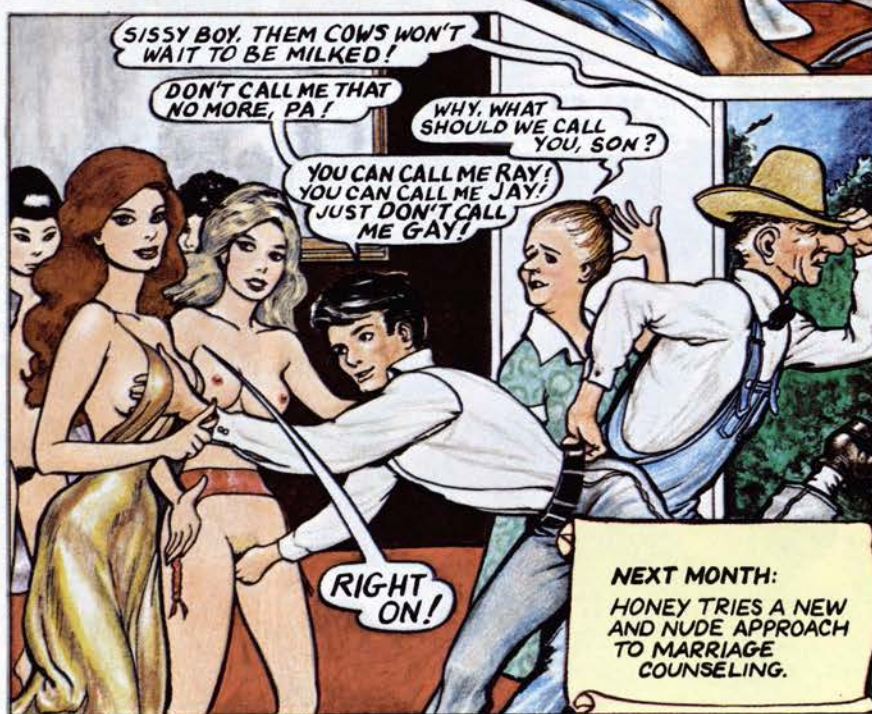
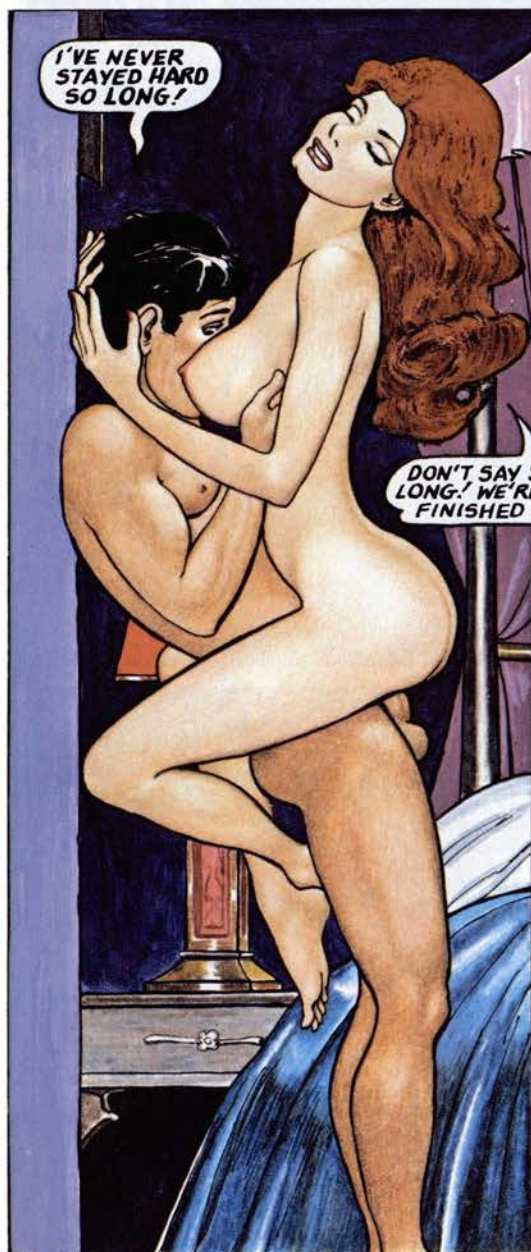








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HONEY TRIES A NEW  
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TO MARRIAGE  
COUNSELING.



(continued from page 120)

the opportunity to use that power is not always available. For such men one of the few opportunities to use their power is in the home, and so the home becomes a staging area for a display of force. The home is where the kids learn the use of power and violence, and when and how to use it effectively. In many instances men who beat their wives come from families in which wife-beating occurred in at least two previous generations.

Our culture provides a context, training situations and at-home study programs for the use of force and violence in achieving individual and group goals. Within this culture wives and lovers become convenient targets for the pent-up aggression of male warriors.

### THE PROCESS OF CONFLICT ESCALATION

The battering of women does not take place in a vacuum. The participants bring with them a wide accumulation of preconditioning experiences, almost all of which are below the conscious threshold of the mind. In time both males and females may find themselves caught in a dangerous web woven around themselves by their experiences, ideals and social conditioning. The drama begins and is played out as emotions and actions escalate. For some couples the violence happens only once or twice; for others it is carried out again and again, becoming an expected part of the relationship. A basic scenario, however, is repeated throughout most of the batterings—with some variations, of course. As the process of conflict escalates, the aggression and violence become increasingly more difficult to stop.

At first there is a build-up period, which may extend for a lengthy duration. During this period frustrations of many sorts—perhaps some jealousy, petty annoyances, a whole bucket of odds and ends that have not been adequately resolved—become an overriding part of the relationship. The man may begin muttering to himself, with things he would like to say (but won't) running through his head. Animate and inanimate things may cause him to make seemingly irrational outbursts.

The two mates may engage in verbal clashes. Women often tend to be more flexible verbally than men, and as a result, a man may begin to feel at a loss to match his partner's verbiage. A subtle occurrence ensues because men and women often place a different value on words. For women emotional venting through the spoken word creates a

latitude between the word and the act that does not always exist for men. For men each word and its inflection has meaning, and they may mistakenly feel that "them's fighting words." When the words turn to physical and mental threats, the situation becomes extremely explosive. This is the time for the threatened woman to pull out. Any later it becomes very difficult to leave. The escalation process often begins when the man decides that "no one is going to talk like that to me."

As the escalation begins, a psychic endowment or transference takes place. The woman may become a symbol or object other than the lover or wife. She may become endowed with the characteristics of the man's past relationship(s), his fear of and resentment toward women, a visible combination of the objects of his frustration. She becomes a dumping ground for the male's accumulated emotional garbage. A volatile condition now exists. The pent-up feelings, the supposed verbal threats and the transformation of the mate into a symbol, a scapegoat, all await the trigger that strips away the last reserve the male has to control his hostility and rage.

The threshold to hostility has no clear lines. Often the man does not know what it is, and if he does have an idea and tells the woman, she may not fully comprehend because of the different value she places on his words. The trigger to hostility may seem inconsequential, but usually it is tangential to the accumulated anger about to transform itself into rage and violence. Men may begin to grab or shove their partners. A small amount of pain, such as a slap or fingernail scratch, a threatening gesture or insulting words may be all that is needed for the adrenaline to begin to rush through the body, and the pent-up rage explodes and rushes to the surface.

Reason and fear are displaced by rage, and the sleeping giant comes bursting and bellowing forth to protect the man's ego, his space, his HIS. He lashes out with hands, fists, elbows, feet. Adrenaline pumps excess energy into his body, his strength is amplified, his punches are not pulled, and the man strikes quickly to hurt and disable. Retaliation by the woman may only increase his fury; it means the mate will not back down. More force must be applied. Submissiveness may seem to justify and fuel the action. Men sometimes continue to beat up their intimates even after their partner has lost consciousness.

The violent encounter may not always end with the man as victor. His

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wife or girlfriend may choose to even the fight with the use of an instrument, such as a knife or a gun. Often the domestic battleground is the kitchen. Here the family meets, comes together and gets its energy refills. Moreover, it is the woman's domain. She runs the kitchen, using it and its tools daily—one of the most indispensable tools being the butcher knife or paring knife. She may use it several times a day to render raw forms of food into manageable sizes. It also is a natural instrument with which to render the raw bulk of an enraged male into a manageable size. While the male has been beating her, her body—basically similar to the man's—is preparing itself for fight or flight as well. The rush of adrenaline in her body amplifies her strength several times. Her rage has escalated, and she may decide to act decisively. A struggle for the knife she has picked up may frighten the male, because he feels her strength and realizes that she is really dangerous to him. In that moment of awareness the knife is stuck in him, and quite likely he will die.

It's interesting that men who batter their wives and lovers tend to show up with police records for assault, but most of the time the women who kill have no past record of assault. When intimates kill each other, it's almost on a one-





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 "I'll send you my slightly used PANTIES, personal LETTER and PHOTO for only \$7!"

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**BONUS! FREE** CATALOG OF UNCENSORED FILMS AND MAGAZINES OF ME APPEARING WITH JOHN HOLMES AND OTHER PORN STARS. ★ ★ ★

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to-one ratio. The frustrations, the accumulation of garbage that men carry around until they explode, are not so very different than the frustrations and garbage women are forced to carry around.

After the battle men quite often are filled with great guilt and remorse. They try to make up for the beating by presenting gifts, asking for forgiveness and wondering how they could have stooped to such despicable behavior. The guilt and shame that some men feel is so intense that they are unable to talk to anyone about the battering and have great difficulty seeking out help.

Therefore, the pattern may be repeated again and again until it becomes a routine (and expected) part of the relationship. Most of the time, men receive counseling for wife-beating only after issuance of a court order. Even then, there are few places in the United States where the wife-beater can find help if he wants it. [See *Wife-Beaters: You Can Get Help*, page 58.]

For the woman there is often a combination of anger, fear that it will happen again, a great loss of self-esteem and a scar on her psyche that may last for years. She has to choose among several options. She can stay with her mate and hope that he doesn't beat her again. She can seek professional help at a family-service agency. She can file a complaint with the police, have the man arrested, or have a restraining or vacate order placed on him. She can elect to move out and seek help in one of a number of shelters for battered women that are springing up all around the country. Because some men want to track down the wife who has left, there are "underground railroads" to help the woman move to a different state. When there are children in the relationship, it is all the more complicated, but still possible, for the woman to remove herself to a safe refuge.

If a woman elects the judicial route, she may find that the state in which she resides does not have any laws related directly to wife abuse. Only 21 states have specific laws and relief on the books or pending for battered women. In many of the other 29 states the legislation is minimal, reflective of outmoded views on marriage and the acceptance of violence in the home. But the times are changing. Penalties for violating restraining orders are getting stiffer. Police are becoming more educated and sometimes are under orders to make arrests in cases of domestic assault.

Domestic violence is dangerous for the police. As mentioned previously, it is one of the most perilous situations

they are called into. Of the 132 police officers killed in the United States in 1974, 29 (almost one in five) were killed while answering disturbance calls.

When a woman needs assistance to move away from her battering mate, she can call her community mental-health agency. The agency will put her in touch with a network of shelters (whose locations are kept secret), where she and her children can go, receive assistance and sort it all out. Some of the shelters are private, while others are funded by state and federal monies. Many women choose to remain home to work things out, but without the violence. For them some kind of counseling is needed, counseling that must include the husband's participation. With this in mind a number of Neighborhood Justice Centers have been set up to work between the courts and the individuals involved.

### WHEN WILL IT STOP?

Wife-beating is not going to vanish overnight. The roots of domestic violence are spread out through the soil of our culture and individual lives in a multitude of directions. But men can begin to do several things. Foremost among these would be to liberate themselves from the sex-role stereotypes that create distance and antagonism between the sexes rather than understanding and closeness.

Men need to liberate themselves from the myths of wife abuse, accept their own responsibility and seek out help.

Men need to say to themselves that wife-beating and domestic violence are not something that scores points with other men, that there are other ways to deal with the factors that cause them to erupt in rage and violence at their living companions.

Men need to get over their fear of women seeking personhood in their own right, and place as high an intrinsic value on women as they place on themselves.

Men need to be aware of when the processes of conflict they are involved in escalate, so that they know to pull out before the violence begins.

The sexes need to really know and love each other as unique yet similar entities who can share equally an exciting life together.

Ultimately, it comes down to each man deciding for himself that violence is not where it's at in his intimate relations, and that if he is filled with anger, fear and frustration, he should seek out help rather than vent his emotions in a manner guaranteed to compound rather than solve the problem.



We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

## MAIL-ORDER ROCKABILLY

For all of you bop cats there's good news—rockabilly music is back! One company that's making it happen is *Rollin' Rock Records* (P.O. Box 8174, North Hollywood, California 91608), which has been recording and releasing new material by such rockabilly legends as Mac Curtis, Johnny Carroll, Charlie Feathers and Ray Campi.

Rollin' Rock producer Ron Weiser is a purist who doesn't want his music cluttered with '70s slush, so he records his musicians in his home studio with simple guitars and a stand-up slap bass, just the way Sam Phillips did it back in Memphis when Elvis started recording in 1954.

As a matter of fact, if you like that old Sun Records sound of Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, you're going to go crazy for the Rollin' Rock sound. Send Weiser a self-addressed stamped envelope and ask him for a list of his records. Albums cost \$6.98 plus postage, singles cost \$2 and EPs are \$3.50.

If it's the real Elvis rockabilly you want, contact *If Productions* (P.O. Box 45215, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70895) and get a list of its films and videocassettes. On Super 8 Sound and on videotape *If Productions* has Elvis's early appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Dorsey Brothers and Steve Allen programs, as well as his comeback TV special from 1968. Beta II tapes are \$50; VHS, \$55. Film prices vary from \$25 (the Dorsey Brothers set) to \$99 (three appearances on Ed Sullivan) to \$139 (the '68 comeback in color). These are real collectors' items for the Elvis fan.

## SIT ON MY FACE

For the man who likes to be pushed around by a sexy lady in stockings *E. Stanton* (P.O. Box 163, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028) offers films and photos of Karen van Wilmerdingen—who looks like a luscious Bitch of Buchenwald—degrading a couple of

guys named Herman and Bernie. She makes them grovel at her feet, then shoves them onto their backs and sits on their faces.

There's no hard action here, however. Karen, as well as her strong friends, Livia and Deborah, don't take off their panties. This is strictly masochism fantasy. The film is Super 8 Color, overpriced at \$40 and \$45—submissives have to pay for their kicks. The photos are 3¼" X 5" color shots (12 for \$12) of two women wrestling and sitting on each other's faces, and Bernie getting knocked around by the powerhouse Natasha.

## LEASURE'S HARD TIMES

On January 2, 1979, I ordered an 8mm silent film from *Leasure Time Products* (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216). In ordering the film I authorized a charge to my Master Charge account, since the ad said that credit-card purchases would be shipped in five working days or less.

Well, *Leasure Time* was prompt (January 8) in billing Master Charge, but that's all. On January 18 I received a confirmation card to be completed and returned. On February 8 I wrote you inquiring about my order, and a week later you replied that the film was on back-order. Two months have gone by, and I still haven't received my "five-day" order. Sounds like your *Leasure Time Products* belongs on your Shifty Sellers list.

—J. B.  
Augusta, Georgia

In November 1978 I placed a telephone order with *Leasure Time Products* for a three-year subscription to *HUSTLER*. By early January I still hadn't received my first copy, so I called *Leasure Time's* customer-service number. They told me they had the wrong address and that I'd shortly receive the January, February and March issues.

In late February, after phone calls and nearly four months of waiting, my three issues finally came—but they were for January, February and March 1978, not 1979! When I called *Leasure Time*, I was told to send the old issues back to them at my own expense and they'd send me the correct ones. That was the last straw. I canceled my subscription. Now I just hope I can get a full refund.

—G. N.  
Plainfield, Indiana

Lately, *Mail-Order Feedback* has been receiving many complaints about *Leasure*

*Time Products*, concerning subscription problems and nondelivery of films, cassettes and sex aids. The problem, according to spokesman Bill Abrams at LTP, is that his company has gone independent from *Larry Flynt Publications*, and the changeover has created extra work and has slowed down service. *Leasure Time* President Jimmy Flynt assures us that his outfit is now straightening out its operation, and he guarantees these delays won't happen again. "We rely on repeat business," he told us, "so we always try to treat our customers like royalty."

As for subscription complaints, *Leasure Time* no longer handles *HUSTLER* or *CHIC*. The subscriptions were pulled out of *Leasure Time's* computer and transferred to a new company (*Flynt Subscription Company, Inc.*, P.O. Box 7328, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201), causing a time lag of up to three months. The situation will be straightened out shortly.

If you're still having problems with *Leasure Time* or with your *HUSTLER* subscriptions, don't hesitate to let us know.

## SLOW ENCOUNTER

In May 1978 I ordered the "National Hookers' Guide" from *Encounter Research* (P.O. Box 521, Murray Hill Station, New York, New York 10016). I followed up my order with many letters, but nothing seemed to do any good. Here it is, February 1979, and I still haven't gotten my order. I think I've been ripped off.

—R. S.  
West Burlington, Iowa

We're getting all sorts of gripes about *Encounter Research's* failure to send out its "National Hookers' Guide," and we've forwarded the complaints to the company, asking for an explanation.

## WHAZZAT MEAN?

One porn house I've ordered from keeps changing departments in its magazine ads. One time its address was P.O. Box 424, Dept. HU-1; another time it was P.O. Box 424, Dept. CH-2. What's going on?

—H. F.  
Farmville, Virginia

Many dealers that advertise in various magazines use a department code in order to find out which magazine is their best investment for future ads. HU-1 is January *HUSTLER*. CH-2 is February *CHIC*. If, after advertising in both magazines, the dealer gets twice as many letters to Department HU-1 as he does to CH-2, he knows that *HUSTLER* readers are his best customers—so he'll come back and buy more ads in *HUSTLER*. 🐸



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Now you can get any woman to respond to your sexual desires. A little pinch of **NYMPHOS** and your partner will crave and need you to satisfy her. **NYMPHOS** can work so fast you may have to take some yourself. Safe. Easy to use and lasts for hours.

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Use entire advertisement as an order form.

Check film selections in appropriate boxes below.



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3

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STAG films catalog! \$1. Films (50105), Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

ARE YOU lonely? Photographs, descriptions, men, women. \$1.00 postpaid. Ladysmith, Box 5686(H), Light-house Point, FL 33064

SELECT From Photographs/personal information the lovely, wholesome girl or lady you desire, romance/marriage. She'll contact you personally. Moneyback guarantee, no risk, no wasted emotions. Photographs/Details \$2.00. M&K Agencies, Box 1051(HU), Torrance, Ca. 90505

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X-RATED explicit sex products. Free color catalogs sent plain cover. International, Box 1973(H), Gilroy, Ca. 95020

PROSTITUTES directory! Details \$1.00. Directory (92999), Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

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GAL'S Swinging Group now accepts men! Carolyn, Box 2375-H, Sarasota, 33578

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OVER 300 addresses, nymphs, models, bi-sexual, couples, housewives, parlors, hookers, \$2.00. 400 phone numbers. \$2.00. Ruthie, Box 84(PA), N.Y.C., 11357

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MEET foreign chicks! Details \$1. Foreign (50105), Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

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HURRY! Last chance to get "Sex In The Big City" for only \$2.25! Guaranteed! Fast service! Send to: Ronco, Box 15805, St. Louis, Mo. 63114

LIVING together? Don't Get Screwed. Two agreement forms. \$3.00 to: Agreement Company, Box 11928, Philadelphia, Pa. 19145. Void where prohibited.

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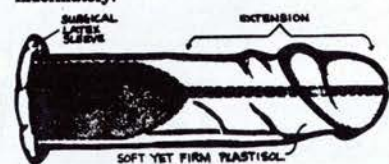
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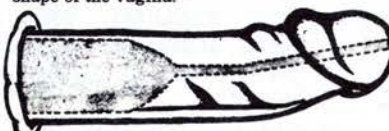
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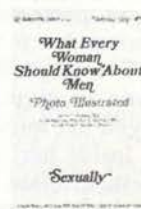
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## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 36)

will also help you keep from coming faster than you want to.

Your virgin needs to know that she can say "stop" or "slow down" or "I don't want to go any further" at any point in the encounter. That should be clear to both of you from the start. If it isn't discussed ahead of time, and you sense that she's beginning to turn off, tell her it's OK with you if she wants to stop. If she's gone this far this time, she'll no doubt agree to another opportunity again. If you persist in continuing the lovemaking when she doesn't want to, you may score a cherry but lose a girlfriend through your insensitivity.

Not wanting to go all the way doesn't necessarily mean she's uptight, a prude or a cock-tease. If she decides to stop the first time, there should be no recriminations or name-calling. Instead, simply encourage her to get you off some other way. You might find as she's masturbating you or giving you head that she's changed her mind and wants your cock back inside her! Again, don't plunge in too fast. Titillate her with some foreplay until she begs you to fuck her.

Don't worry about bringing your woman to orgasm while you're fucking

her this first time. As we mentioned earlier, if things have gone well, you will have brought her to one or more clitoral orgasms during foreplay. Even if she's been coming before, she may not come the first few times you have intercourse together. Taking this big step may be plenty for her right now, and you can always use your finger or mouth or whatever worked previously.

Our friend Judith told us: "My boyfriend and I had a wonderful sex life, with many orgasms for both of us, as long as we couldn't have intercourse. (I was a 'good girl' of the '50s and was saving myself for marriage.) After we were married and had the legal document (and birth-control methods) making intercourse OK, all the fun things we used to do because we couldn't screw stopped. After all, wasn't fucking what sex was all about? Not for me it wasn't. I didn't come with him again for six years, because I didn't know how to get the fun foreplay things back in our sex."

Remember that sexuality is a form of grown-up play, and as such it's meant to be enjoyed. Sensitivity to another's feelings is more important than counting orgasms. An accomplished lover is mature enough to know that if things don't go just the way he wants at first, there's always tomorrow.

## DEFENDERS

(continued from page 98)

and education, voter access and, more recently, immigration and naturalization issues.

The *American Indian Movement* (AIM) was founded in 1968 by Dennis Banks and Clyde Bellecourt to combat injustices inflicted on American Indians. [See *The State of the Indian Nation*, HUSTLER, January 1978.] It set up and still operates legal and health services and survival schools for the young. Under the chairmanship of John Trudell, AIM continues to fight lengthy court battles to protect Indian lands from government encroachment.

In addition to AIM, there are many other organizations addressing related concerns, including the *Native American Legal Defense Fund* and the *Native American Rights Fund*. They prepare test cases and friend-of-court briefs involving land and water issues and questions of Native American autonomy and of Indian treaties.

There is also a *Puerto Rican Legal Defense Fund*, based in New York City. Among its recent activities have been efforts to force the U.S. Office of Civil Rights to stop the New York State Board of Regents from implementing allegedly discriminatory competency tests that affect minorities—particularly Hispanics—and allegedly violate the due-process rights of the students.

### RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

The *Anti-Defamation League* (ADL) was founded in 1913 by Sigmund Livingston, a Chicago attorney and author. Its mandates have been to combat anti-Semitism by counteracting stereotypes of Jews, helping to prevent discrimination against all minorities, promoting interfaith activities and education, and "exposing extremists," be they anti-democratic, racist, anti-Jewish or anti-Israel.

The ADL is not a membership organization. It was originally an arm of *B'nai B'rith*—a national Jewish brotherhood (not unlike the Catholic *Knights of Columbus*) over 130 years old—and it is still thought of in that way by most Jews, although it long ago developed its own funding bases. About half of the ADL's annual budget of \$10 million is financed by donations from non-Jews.

During its early years the League mostly devoted great efforts to combating religion-based characterizations of Jews as "Christ-killers," as well as derogatory literary and social stereotypes, such as the money-grubbing Shy-





lock in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

In that era the ADL even promoted the banning of such materials in schools; in recent decades, however, it has generally abandoned the tactics of censorship in favor of a more aggressive campaign of exposing the stereotypes for what they are, and, like the National Organization for Women, raising the consciousness of all of us as to the implications of such stereotypes.

The ADL has been an aggressive defender of the First Amendment concepts of religious liberty and the separation of church and state. Through public education, moral suasion, group pressure and occasional litigation it zealously works to assure that Jews and other religious minorities are not penalized in their education or on the job for their religious beliefs and practices. For example, it lobbies for personal leave for public and other employees who may need time off for religious observances (major Jewish holidays sometimes fall on workdays, while the major Christian holiday is a national holiday; and Orthodox Jews, like Seventh Day Adventists, are not permitted to work on their Sabbath, Saturday).

The separation of church and state is high on the ADL agenda. Its 26 regional offices throughout the country are inundated with complaints about prayers, religious instruction and Bible distribution in public schools. It attempts low-key negotiation, often in conjunction with the American Civil Liberties Union, but it is less prone to file lawsuits. Community pressures run high on church/state issues, but the ADL maintains that the Constitutional promise of religious freedom is illusory if the Christian majority can use government-owned schools and government-paid teachers to promote its faith.

The ADL's long-standing close relationships (like those of most Jewish groups) with the NAACP and other race-oriented civil-rights organizations are under substantial strain as Jews—long the victims of quota systems—have rejected and resented the "numerical affirmative-action" techniques viewed by many blacks as necessary to remedy centuries of subjugation. Despite the official organizational differences, though, most of the intergroup relationships remain intact at the personal level.

Two other Jewish organizations, the *American Jewish Committee* and *American Jewish Congress*, are frequently confused in the public mind—and not without good cause. Leaders of each are hard-pressed to define major current substantive differences between the two, apart from style.

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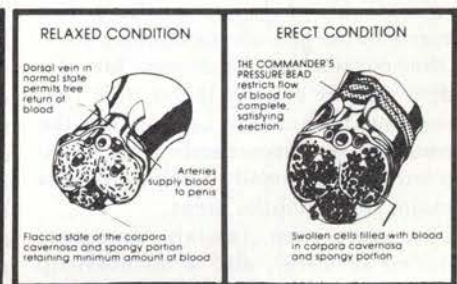
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Historically the Committee (founded in 1906 after two bloody pogroms in Russia) has been seen as being composed more of old-line "upper-crust" members interested in ending discrimination while protecting the integrity of the Jewish community within the context of American life. Its budget may be slightly larger than that of the Anti-Defamation League, but the Committee is a membership organization with professionally staffed chapters in major metropolitan areas.

The American Jewish Congress (founded in 1918), also a membership group, used to be regarded as more aggressive than and not quite as representative of more conservative interests as the Committee. But time has blurred some of these distinctions, although the Congress has less than half the operating resources of the Committee.

The Committee—which publishes the prestigious *Commentary* magazine—relies mostly on conferences, public education and promotion of interfaith activities. It maintains an "executive suite" program that investigates corporate discrimination and is designed to integrate Jews into the upper strata of major companies. Moreover, it now monitors the flow of Arab money into U.S. corporations and polices Arab boy-

cotts that may inure to the detriment of Israel.

It should also be noted that the triad of Jewish organizations frequently joins with the ACLU and another national group, *Americans United for Separation of Church and State*, to lobby and litigate a number of religious-freedom issues under the First Amendment.

## WOMEN'S RIGHTS

The *National Organization for Women* (NOW) has been in existence for less than 15 years. Nevertheless, it has had a substantial impact nationally not only in raising public consciousness about women's issues but also as a moving force behind efforts to secure adoption of the Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

While the idea of changing the Constitution to provide for sexual equality goes back into the last century, it was not until 1972 that Congress proposed such an amendment (the Equal Rights Amendment—ERA) for the required approval by three-fourths of the states. As the seven-year Congressionally imposed deadline approached and the pro-ERA forces found themselves three states shy of the 38 necessary for ratification, it was two NOW strategists who came up with the notion of calling on Congress to lengthen the acceptable period of approval.

After a bitter struggle, during which most other rights organizations joined the extension effort, Congress acquiesced. Whether or not that will make any difference in the long run remains to be seen.

NOW has about 600 chapters nationwide pursuing a variety of goals directed toward: increasing self-awareness among women and encouraging them to assert their rights on their own or with help from NOW; providing assistance and direction for victims of spouse abuse; promoting community child-care to ease women's access to the work force and to leisure time by freeing them from male-defined roles; helping insure the right to abortion as part of the overall concept that a woman's body belongs to her and that she—not others—should have control over it; and securing a fair share for women in employment, including equal pay for equal work.

Some of these goals are pursued by trying to alter the climate of public opinion by breaking down stereotypes of what is "man's work" and "a woman's place"—stereotypes shared by a surprising number of women, including anti-ERA leader Phyllis Schlafly, who believes that NOW's efforts will result in the breakdown of the American home.

When the process of dealing with amorphous public opinion is too slow, NOW will attempt moral suasion, legislation, occasional litigation and even some direct-action techniques, such as picketing or boycotts.

Some of NOW's most effective work is devoted to educational efforts, including self-help and consciousness-raising groups, some sessions of which are designed to help men recognize and deal with their sexism. Most such events are at a relatively low level of visibility, but two years ago the Columbus, Ohio, chapter held a panel discussion on the sexist nature of pornography. Several hundred people, mostly women, turned out—many of them prepared to accuse panelist Larry Flynt of exploiting women.

But Flynt blew the minds of most of the people there (including representatives of the local media) when he began his presentation with a straightforward "My name is Larry Flynt. I'm in the commercial business of pornography. I make a living by exploiting women for profit." While a number of those present were offended, some were pleased that he had at least recognized and acknowledged what he was doing, although others were more outraged that he knew what he was doing but was unrepentant.

NOW's members, like others in the women's movement and society as a whole, are divided over the issue of pornography. Most dislike it and feel victimized by it, but there seems to be a growing (though quite reluctant) tolerance of the right to publish such materials, perhaps due to a fear that repression of one freedom might lead to an atmosphere of suppression of other freedoms, or maybe because of the as-yet-untested (but possibly related) historical observation that the women's movement has achieved its greatest impetus during the modern period of sexual liberation—a period noted for the appearance and circulation of sexually explicit reading and viewing materials.

Expanding rapidly since its founding in 1966 by Betty Friedan (who remains active) and other feminists, NOW claims about 100,000 members and a national budget of close to \$2 million.

Often perceived as strident and aggressive by an untutored public, NOW is changing its style to a somewhat more conciliatory tone under the aegis of its new president, Eleanor Smeal, a Pittsburgh housewife and mother. Linguistic issues (NOW has shifted from the use of "chairperson" to "chair-one" to "president") are now rather passe when com-



pared to its other concerns. NOW's top priority is still ratification of the ERA, followed closely by the preservation of reproductive freedom (a euphemism for abortion rights) and lesbian rights (a natural outgrowth of the right to control one's body). Some of the organization's leaders fear tainting of the women's movement by the gay contingent, while radical lesbians regard NOW with some disdain.

All of the above-mentioned organizations have some things in common; they move into and out of coalitions with one another. And they maintain ongoing dialogues with each other—for today's opponent on one issue is likely to be tomorrow's ally on another.

The common thread that binds these Defenders of Our Freedoms and keeps them striving even in lean times is the admonition of the late jurist Learned Hand: "Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it."

## BETWEEN SEASONS

(continued from page 110)

Their lovemaking had had to be revised since Clarence came home from prison this last time. At night, in order for Clarence to get hard, Alma had to turn on the bedroom light and strip them both naked. Then, spreading her hairy cunt above his head while she sucked him hard, they'd continue in the 69 position until Alma would suddenly cease sucking and, with rapid movements, reposition herself by squatting over Clarence's cock, inserting him into her; then they'd fuck frantically until they both came at the same time.

The only other way Clarence could get hard was when they were at a drive-in theater. Something about sitting there in the shadows before the big movie screen acted like an aphrodisiac for Clarence.

Alma would sense his need, reach over and take his cock out, stroking it lightly with her soft hands. Then she'd turn to her right, draw her knees up and present her bare ass to Clarence's hard cock. Clarence would finger-fuck her until the juice from her cunt ran into the crack of her ass. Then he would ram his hard cock into her asshole all the way up to his balls while his fingers were still in her wet cunt. This is the way they got their nuts off away from home.

Now they showered and napped. That same evening they went for a ride in their old car. The lawns were brown,

the trees bare, their naked limbs making grotesque silhouettes in the deepening shadows of fall. Alma sat near Clarence as they drove home, her hand on his thigh the way he liked it. Sometimes Clarence would cup one hand around Alma's breast, and they would drive around that way listening to the car radio.

After sex Clarence heretofore always had been talkative, almost bragging about his performance. But this time Alma sensed his change. He was moody, silent, as though lost in thought. It had been the first time they'd made love in over a month. Alma attributed it to Clarence's growing discontent with their life-style. She also believed Clarence was not the kind of man to take the pressures from poverty for too long a time. In bed later that same night, Clarence was gentle, considerate. Alma barely heard his whisper before falling asleep: "Alma, honey, I gotta do somethin' about this." She snuggled deeper into his shoulder, feeling well-loved, warm and secure in the nearness of her man.

While Alma slept contentedly, Clarence Anderson conceived the scheme to rid them of their miserable poverty.

Ten days later, at 8:45 on a Saturday

evening, Clarence parked his car on a dark street around the corner from a mercantile store in the outskirts of Williamsburg. He sat quietly in the car, observing the last two customers of the day take their leave from the store. The streets were dark and deserted of people.

He got out of his car and unlocked the trunk, cracking the lid. He entered the very old store, where two men and a woman were busy closing out the day's business.

The man behind the counter, where license plates were sold, nodded smilingly to Clarence. The woman counted money near the cash register. The other man, in the meat department, counted money also. The store smelled of hardware, food and meat.

Nonchalantly, Clarence walked across the floor to the shotguns, selecting a Remington .12-gauge. He then walked slowly, indifferently, over to the shotgun shells, selected a box of double-oughts, loaded five shells into the shotgun and had chambered a shell into the breech before the three adults became alarmed.

Without uttering a word, Clarence signaled to the woman with a motion from the muzzle of the now-deadly weapon. The gesture—short, menac-

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ing—was at once clear to the woman and also the man behind the license-plate counter. It meant one thing: *Get to the back of the store!*

As the two employees walked toward the back of the store, Clarence locked the front door. Then, following the man and woman, he snapped off all the lights in the front of the store.

The sudden darkness made the man behind the meat counter look up and out into the interior of the store. The lights above the meat counter remained on. He saw the man and woman walking around the display case with Clarence behind them holding the shotgun low. Around one arm was a coil of rope.

"What do you want?" asked the butcher. But he knew the answer at once.

Again Clarence made the short, deadly gesture with the shotgun, this time toward the steps leading down into the basement.

Passing the butcher's block, Clarence selected a boning knife without breaking his stride. The four of them went down the steps and into a small office in the basement.

Here the woman turned, white-faced with fear, to the butcher. "Is he going to shoot us, Herbert?" She began to cry.

The butcher patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, Elvira. Just do what he says. He won't harm us as long as we don't resist."

Clarence threw the rope to the license-plate clerk, who then bound the arms of both the man and the woman, taping their mouths closed with the wide roll of adhesive Clarence tossed to him. Clarence gestured for them to sit on the desk while he leaned his shotgun against the wall and tied up the clerk. Taking the clerk with him, and closing the office door behind them, Clarence marched the clerk into a walk-in cooler. There Clarence extracted the boning knife from his pocket, set the shotgun down and, grabbing the clerk in a tight clasp from behind with one arm, thrust the boning knife into the clerk's heart, letting him fall gently to the floor, where he jerked slightly until he died.

Leaving the shotgun outside the freezer, Clarence went back into the office and brought out the butcher, knifing him in the heart and letting him fall to gasp out his life outside the door of the office.

Clarence knifed the woman in the office in a similar manner. She died lying on top of the desk.

He shut off the lights in the basement and then the ones up in the meat department. Then he walked to the shotgun rack, extracted the five shells, including

the one in the chamber, and placed them neatly back into their box. He placed the box back on the shelf and the shotgun back in the rack. Walking to a large, stainless-steel sink, he thoroughly scalded the boning knife, placing it back in its original place on the side of the butcher's block.

Clarence placed all the cash from the meat department and the cash register at the front of the store into the large cardboard box containing the huge pile of cash from license-plate sales. (License plates had to be paid for in cash.) As an afterthought, he went back into the office in the basement, and from the open safe he took several more short stacks of currency. He was careful to avoid stepping in the large pools of blood near the bodies of the woman and the butcher.

Clarence picked up the large cardboard box of money, walked out the side door of the hardware store to his car, placed the box in the trunk and locked it.

As he drove home at a moderate speed, he glanced at his watch. It read exactly 9:10 p.m.

With a grim nod of his head Clarence tuned the car's radio to country music. A country-music star sang:

*I won't go huntin' with ya, Jake,  
 But I'll go chasin' women.  
 Go put your hounds back in the pen,  
 And quit that silly grinnin'...*

With the gold wedding band on his left hand Clarence tapped out the rhythm of the song on the steering wheel of his old, fender-rattling car.

*Alma might be mad 'cause I'm late, he thought. But better late than never.* He grinned maliciously, urging the old car to 50 miles an hour.

"Where you been?" Alma sat in the dark watching TV.

"Went for a ride. Hadda get off to myself awhile, to think. What's on the tube?"

"It's about a professional killer. They call him a *mechanic*."

"That's a good name for 'im." Clarence snapped on the kitchen light. Getting his wine, he snapped the light off. He sat beside Alma on the couch. She handed him a roll-your-own.

For the remainder of the show they drank wine and sloe gin and smoked. Clarence became deeply engrossed in the mechanic's ingenious methods of dispatching his assigned victims. But he didn't make any comparisons.

The mechanic's world—high-powered cars, sophisticated electronics and huge payments—in Clarence's mind was confined to the small, unreachable area of fantasy. It looked phony. The dialogue



sounded insignificant and as hollow as the tube from which it came.

At the show's end Clarence said, "For a paid killer, he sure talked a lot."

"Didn't you say you knew men like that, Clarence?" Alma began feeling uneasy. He'd been gone too long.

"In the joint? Yeah. There were some men like that there. But they kept to themselves. Didn't talk much and did their own time."

"Any of 'em ever get out?"

"No... no, sugar... they die there."

"What do they do with men that die there?"

"If nobody claims the body, they send it to a medical school. They dissect them in anatomy classes."

"God... that's cold," said Alma.

"Yeah. Guess it is, honey. But it ain't like they live by the gun and die by the gun—or the knife!" He paused a long moment. "They're already dead before they get there. Men like that are dead to a lot of things even while they're alive."

"Why do they kill, then?"

"Money, Alma. Mostly for the money." He thought about the cardboard box in the car's trunk. He'd have to tell her about it—all of it—before she found out from the news. He didn't know how to say it.

"Want some popcorn?" Alma asked.

"Be all right," he answered absent-mindedly.

"Somethin' on your mind... ain't there, honey?"

Clarence looked up, surprised. Alma went into the kitchen and plugged in the popper. Clarence took the wine with him into the kitchen. He sat at the table and tried to roll a smoke, but he shook so badly he couldn't do it. In the store he had noticed his hands didn't shake. But now they did. While the popcorn popped, Alma rolled a cigarette for him.

Handing him the smoke, she said, "Clarence, did you just rob somebody?"

He looked into her eyes. Folding his trembling hands, he nodded silently. "Where?"

"Oh, 'bout 25 miles from here—Williamsburg Mercantile."

"That place where they sell license plates?"

Clarence nodded.

"Did ya hurt anybody, Clarence?"

Nodding silently again, he wiped his wet eyes.

The popcorn pinged in the popper. Alma pulled the plug. She got her shoe on and sat down at the table. The table was clean, the dishes washed and put away in the cupboard.

"Tell me everythin', honey." She rolled two more smokes.

Clarence told her.

Alma listened. After Clarence had said everything, she sat silently. The popcorn's pinging in the pot came intermittently, then ceased altogether. The silence in the trailer was heavy, ominous. Blue cigarette smoke hung like a pall in the air.

Alma swallowed her drink, her throat thick with fear. She shivered. "We gotta go," she said hoarsely.

Clarence nodded.

"It's 11 o'clock. We can pack a few things. Be out of the state by mornin'."

"What's there to pack, Alma?"

Clarence waved significantly at the used, run-down fixtures about the trailer.

"Clothes," she said. "Some clean clothes. Especially underwear."

"Better count the money first," said Clarence. "I'll go get it."

He set the large cardboard box on a chair near the table. Alma stuck her arm in the box. Her arm went down to her elbow in the money.

"My God, Clarence."

"More 'n I figured," he said.

They counted the money, stacking the denominations in individual groups on the rickety table.

Alma totaled, "... eight-hundred twenty, thirty, fifty... nine-thousand and sixty dollars." Her words were barely audible.

"Let's get goin'," said Clarence.

They loaded the old car with the same clean clothes, putting the cardboard box of money into the trunk.

Two hours later they waited at an all-night service station while a mechanic put in a new carburetor. Clarence paid the bill with some of the stolen money.

At 7 the following morning, while parked at a rest stop, Alma went to the rest room. She was washing her hands when she heard the flat sound of gunfire. Quickly she hurried to the door.

Clarence lay in a pool of blood near the open trunk of the old car—a jack handle clenched in his fist. Two state troopers stood over him, one with a service revolver in his hands.

Alma strained to hear what the troopers were saying.

"... and he said he had the new license plates in the trunk... That's all I was interested in... a warning ticket about the old plates."

"I don't know why he went berserk like that just over some old license plates," said the other trooper.

"I don't either... Say, what's in that cardboard box?"

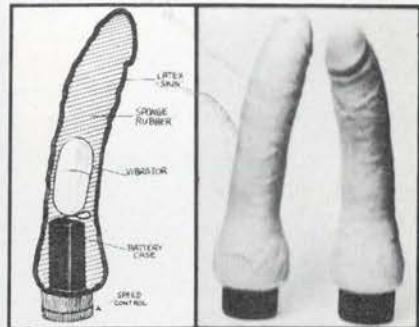
Both troopers bent over the trunk, peering into the box.

Alma went back into the rest room to dry her hands.

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# Preview

## AUGUST

**JUSTICE IN GEORGIA?**—Thomas Jefferson probably rolled over in his grave when Larry Flynt was convicted on 11 counts of obscenity for selling *HUSTLER* and *CHIC* in Atlanta. The good ole boys who brought Larry to trial totally ignored the ideals of our Founding Fathers when they threw the book at our publisher. Former *HUSTLER* Editorial Director Bruce David was on hand to cover the trial and to dig into the background of the Atlanta vendetta against Flynt. David's article will offer a penetrating look at "justice," Atlanta-style.

**TEENAGE PREGNANCY**—Unplanned pregnancies and unwanted babies are forcing many young people in this country to give up their educations and to abandon their plans for the future. Flo Kennedy and Irene Davall take a long, hard look at this problem, which could be solved with a touch of understanding and a lot of no-holds-barred sex education.

**CELEBRITY COCKS II**—Reader response to last year's *Celebrity Cocks* was so tremendous that we decided to expose this year's crop. Are celebrities really different? Take a look and find out. Illustrations by Tom Hachtman.



**FICTION: RED FERGUSON**—Outcast and alone, Red Ferguson stays alive through brute force and a sense of pride. Poet and writer James Dalessandro tells the story of a born loser and his fight with destiny.



**PHOTO-FEATURES**—Next month's centerfold is as voluptuous as any sex goddess, but with her freckled innocence she just might be the girl next door. We'll also take a peek behind the scenes in Hollywood to find out if all those tales about the casting couch are true. And to keep things hot, we plop down in front of a roaring fire with two lovely young women who have their own way to lick the chill of the evening.

**PLUS**—Satire and titillation in *BITS & PIECES*, information in *ADVISE & CONSENT*, education in *SEX PLAY*, eroticism in *KINKY KORNER*, fun with *HONEY* and much, much more.





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